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*King George the Sixth*









# *King George The Sixth*

*By  
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# Introduction

THE opening of a new reign is always an important turning-point in the history of a people. Even with what is called a 'limited' or 'constitutional' monarchy, like our own, the personality of the sovereign is bound to exercise a strong influence upon the ideas and actions of the nation of which he is the head; and looking back along the many-coloured procession of British monarchs it is impossible not to be struck by this fact.

Elizabeth's love of grandeur, her courage, her practical, thrifty mind; George III's narrow, stubborn, well-meaning attitude; Victoria's devotion to duty, her high domestic standards; Edward VII's genial, tolerant, and diplomatic temper—all these, in their time and place, helped to give to the Elizabethan, the Georgian, the Victorian, and the Edwardian periods their characteristic form and colour.

It is not long—it is only a little more than a year—since Great Britain mourned the passing of another sovereign who has left a clear and enduring mark upon a memorable chapter in her story. King George V, by his steady and unflinching devotion to duty, by his quiet concentration upon his royal responsibilities, and his completely unselfconscious kingliness, won for himself a place in the affections of his subjects such as it has been the privilege of few mortal sovereigns to win. And now those subjects stand upon the threshold of his second son's reign, and it is well that they, especially the younger ones among them, should

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know something about the man to whom this great and fateful charge is now committed.

Our ideas have changed much during the past hundred years, and in nothing more than with regard to the Crown. The days are now remote when Kings claimed 'divine right,' and regarded themselves as answerable to God alone for the uses to which they put their royal power. As early as the thirteenth century the English people were beginning to make their Princes feel that here, at any rate, their power was not boundless and absolute, and the wisest of the Tudors, like the least unwise of the Plantagenets, showed that they appreciated the decisive force of national opinion. Parliament may not invariably have been right; the Crown, when it disagreed with Parliament, may not invariably have been wrong; but, as time went on, the principle that a King might govern only "with the consent of the governed" came to be accepted as the foundation-stone of the monarchy of this ancient realm.

Yet even when the old, rigid, feudal system had passed into the cobwebby lumber-room of the past, the Crown remained something rather lofty and remote, an imposing symbol rather than a living reality to the great masses of Britons at home and overseas. The head of the sovereign appeared on the stamps and the coinage; his assent was given before a Bill became law; he opened Parliament; he received foreign notabilities; he inaugurated bridges, and docks, and public works; he made speeches full of unexceptionable but quite unexciting sentiments. Sometimes he was seen by a certain number of his subjects, to whom he would raise his hat in a gracious though friendly manner, while they cheered loyally. But the idea that

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a King should mingle freely with all classes of his people, that he should make himself acquainted with the conditions under which even the poorest of them lived, and that he should labour at *his* daily task far harder than any of those people would willingly labour at *theirs*, would have seemed a strange and startling idea only forty years ago.

There is another way in which our view of the value and the meaning of the Crown has changed since Queen Victoria died. Though she took no small pride in the title of "Empress of India," which became hers in 1876, though she interested herself actively in Indian affairs and studied Hindustani with patient perseverance, Victoria never visited India, or any of our dominions or possessions overseas. Her eldest son, afterwards Edward VII, went to Canada as a very young man, and to India in 1875, but he never ventured as far as Australia or New Zealand, and it was considered quite a remarkable and epoch-marking event when his Indian visit was successfully carried through.

The first signs of a completely new order of things were seen when, shortly after the death of Queen Victoria, her grandson, the Duke of York, the future King George V, and her granddaughter-in-law, the Duchess of York, the future Queen Mary, left England on board the steam-yacht *Ophir* for an eight months' tour of the Empire. Then was created the ideal, which now bids fair to become a tradition, that the Crown must and should be an invisible but indestructible link holding together all the far-flung units of the British Commonwealth of Nations. No other symbol could serve the same purpose, no other link could hold. In the Crown nearly five hundred million men, women, and children, of every creed and colour, living in lands



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washed by all the seas of the world, recognize a bond of common loyalty, honour, and security, of defence against aggression, of freedom from tyranny, of adherence to certain principles of government and of self-government, and, above all, of fidelity to the ideals of liberty and discipline by which alone men may attain greatness.

The events leading up to the accession of King George VI in the place of his elder brother were unique in our history. Kings had been deposed, had abdicated under pressure from their subjects, had even been done to death on the scaffold, but never before had a popular sovereign, surrounded by the affection and upborne by the high hopes of his subjects, voluntarily and determinedly renounced the Crown before the date fixed for his Coronation.

To many of the subjects of King Edward VIII this renunciation came as a shattering blow. And this feeling was particularly keen among people who had noticed with what genuine ardour the new King, when Prince of Wales, had interested himself in the hard fate of the unemployed. Great—perhaps even exaggerated—hopes had been raised that by his energy and enthusiasm he would be able to speed up the complicated and cumbersome wheels of official schemes of help. All the more bitter was the disappointment when he insisted on ‘laying down his burden.’ As the new King said, in his New Year’s message to the nation, he succeeded “a brother, whose brilliant qualities gave promise of another historic Reign—a Reign cut short in circumstances upon which, from their very sadness, none of us would wish to dwell.”

Many thoughtful observers in a good position to watch the development of the Prince’s character

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had, however, been convinced for some years that he would find it hard to adapt himself to the traditional trammels of an ancient, historical monarchy like our own. The same unconventionality, the same impatience of restraint, which made him what our American friends term 'a good mixer,' made him also intolerant of various branches of the royal duty which demand a respect for time-honoured forms, ceremonies, and ideas.

It cannot be too often emphasized or too clearly understood that King Edward VIII abandoned his throne of his own free will. The only 'pressure' ever put upon him was the earnest anxiety of the Government and the people that his final decision should be the very reverse of what it actually was. When once it was understood that, in his own words to Mr Baldwin, he was "ready to go," the nation, with typical British imperturbability, decided that the only possible thing to be done was to close their ranks behind the new King, George VI, whom they had known hitherto as the Duke of York. There was a general appreciation of the fact that his was a singularly difficult position, one which for himself he would never have sought or desired, and also a strong sense of hopefulness that the Empire would find renewed in the second son of George V some of those qualities of mind and character which had made his father dear to the hearts of his people.

Now, at the dawn of this new reign, let us pause for a moment and look back upon the life of the new King, a life which began in a pretty, secluded house, York Lodge, Sandringham, on December 14, 1895.



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*The King incarnates the community. This is the true meaning of his office. He is not chiefly the first Officer of the State. He is the community focused in his person.*

DR TEMPLE, Archbishop of York

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## CHAPTER I

### *Early Years*

**I**T has happened more frequently than many people realize that a King has been succeeded by his second-born instead of by his eldest son. William Rufus, Richard Cœur de Lion, Edward II, Henry VIII, Charles I, Charles II, George V—none of these was an eldest son. When Queen Victoria was born in 1819, there was considerable anxiety in England about the succession, owing to the extraordinary dearth of grandchildren suffered by King George III; but by the time that George, Duke of York, married Princess Mary (or May) of Teck in 1893 the numerous descendants of Victoria and Albert, spreading all over the map of Europe, had removed all possibility of any such anxiety from the thoughts of the British nation.

The aged Queen, then within four years of celebrating the Diamond Jubilee of her accession to the throne, bestowed a particularly joyful benediction upon the marriage of her sailor grandson with the daughter of her cousin, Princess Mary of Teck. A year later her heart was gladdened by the birth of a son to the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Edward, known in the home circle as 'David'; in December, 1895, another son arrived, in 1897 a daughter, and in 1900 yet another son joined the nursery group at Sandringham. Two more boys, one of whom, little Prince John, died in childhood, were born after the old Queen's death in 1901.



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The baby prince in a fairy-tale sees the light, as a rule, in a dazzling palace or a many-towered castle. Very different, and much less impressive, was the birthplace of George VI. His grandfather, King Edward VII, desiring to have a quiet country home on typical English lines, had bought, in the year 1861, the estate of Sandringham, three miles from the Norfolk coast. Here he had built a large, comfortable, red brick house, of more or less 'Elizabethan' character, and in the grounds was added, for the benefit of younger members of his family, a much smaller house, known by the unassuming name of 'York Cottage.'

At York Cottage the Duke and Duchess of York spent a good deal of time during the early years of their married life, and it was there that, on December 14, 1895, their second son was born. He received the names of Albert Frederick Arthur George, and spent the first part of his life under precisely the same influences as those which were chosen to mould the disposition of his elder and—as it then seemed—much more important brother.

The world into which the baby was born differed in many ways from the world which he now sees around him when he looks at it with the eyes of a King. Outwardly, England was a land of horse-drawn vehicles and gas-lit streets, where as yet there were no motor-cars, aeroplanes, cinemas, or electric trains. Telephones, though not unknown, were few. Women wore long, full skirts, large sleeves, and perilously tilted hats; men wore high-crowned bowlers, glossy toppers, checked 'deerstalkers,' or, in summer, straw 'boaters'; but the pleasantly informal and hygienic garments now worn by both men and women would then have been condemned as startlingly incorrect.



[Photo: W. S.]

ALBERT FREDERICK ARTHUR GEORGE  
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE FUTURE KING GEORGE VI



## Early Years

Readers of the Sherlock Holmes detective stories get to know this world almost as well as if they had lived in it themselves ; and, truth to tell, it seems in some ways a rather dull, dingy, and stuffy world, though it enjoyed a sense of self-satisfaction and security which we are not likely ever to know again.

It was under simple home conditions that the 'little Yorks' were brought up. Neither at the London house of their parents, within the historic walls of St James's, nor in Norfolk was there any of the pomp and grandeur which fairy-tales and pantomimes have taught us to associate with the words 'prince' and 'princess.' Nor were they, like the small boys and girls of to-day, the possessors of many elaborate scientific playthings, nursery cinemas, wireless sets, and electrically driven trains. As yet such things were not. Little Prince Albert was hardly more than a baby when his grandfather, King Edward, had his first motor-drive in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and he was a year old before the law was repealed which said that a man carrying a red flag must walk in front of any mechanically propelled vehicle advancing at a rate of more than four miles an hour.

During the Empire tour made on the *Ophir* by their father and mother after Queen Victoria's death, the four children, three boys and a girl, were left in the care of their grandparents, King Edward and Queen Alexandra. They were now called 'of Wales,' instead of being called 'of York,' and their London home was transferred to Marlborough House, built by Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, early in the eighteenth century. From its upper windows on the south side the grey towers of Westminster could be seen peeping above the trees of St James's Park.

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Henry, the youngest of the four, was still too much of a baby to miss his father and mother, but 'David' and 'Bertie' and their sister were old enough to understand, and to be interested in pictures of the far-off shores visited by the *Ophir*, and in maps showing the route taken by the ship.

King Edward, perhaps remembering the gloomy severity of his own youthful days, was a most indulgent grandfather, and Queen Alexandra's quick sympathy with the thoughts and ways of small children made her an ideal grandmother. Lessons, however, loomed up soon; drill from a tall, deep-voiced sergeant-major of the Coldstream Guards, reading and writing from Nurse, and French from Mademoiselle Bricka, who had been governess to the Princess of Wales in her childhood. It was observed that the second of 'the Wales boys' was more naturally studious than his elder brother, more inclined to concentrate and to 'peg away' at his books.

Prince Albert started heavily handicapped by an impediment in his speech, inherited from his ancestors of the House of Brunswick, and this made it difficult—sometimes even impossible—for him to answer a question quickly, however well he knew the answer. It took him years of hard and patient work to master this handicap.

'David' and Albert of Wales were respectively five and four years old when the South African War broke out, too young to understand—what some of their elders could not have explained quite clearly—what it was all about, but old enough to be interested in maps of the war zone peppered with bright paper flags, and to be aware of the existence and the achievements of such national heroes as 'Bobs' (Lord Roberts) and

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'K. of K.' (Lord Kitchener of Khartoum.) It was not, however, to the Army but to the Navy that the two elder boys were confided, when the time came seriously to begin their training. Like his father, King Edward VII, George, Prince of Wales, determined that the upbringing of his two elder sons should include the discipline of a naval education. First lessons having been given by Madame Bricka, by M. Hua, a French master from Eton, and by Mr Cecil Sharp, a well-known authority on English folk-music and sport, in 1902 the Princes Edward and Albert were placed in the charge of Mr H. P. Hansell, to be prepared for the entrance examination of the Royal Naval College at Osborne.

Mr Henry Peter Hansell had himself been educated on the traditional English system, at Malvern and Oxford. He was a happy mixture of the sportsman and the scholar, and the years he had spent as assistant master at Rossall School, in Lancashire, and Ludgrove, New Barnet, had given him a practical acquaintance with the faults and virtues, the possibilities and the limitations, of the average English boy. He had also 'coached' Prince Arthur of Connaught, the Prince of Wales's cousin, and in this way had swum into the ken of the Royal family.

So well were the Prince and Princess pleased with Mr Hansell that they asked him to act as tutor to their younger sons. From 1902 to 1924 his tall, soldierly figure was seldom far from the post of duty. How serious and important a post he filled will be realized when we remember that during the years when the character of the future King was "wax to receive and marble to retain" his was the seal that was most definitely marked upon it.

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It can have been no part of Mr Hansell's plan to make a 'bookworm' of any of his pupils, but there were two important branches of education which he rightly emphasized—foreign languages and the history of our own people. Himself an athlete, he realized, too, the useful part which athletics may play in preparing any boy for the tests which every man must undergo when he reaches man's estate. "To love the game beyond the prize" is not the least valuable of the lessons which the young Prince mastered on the cricket pitch and in the football field.

At Sandringham there was an enthusiastic eleven, captained by Edward of Wales, who, unlike his junior, seems to have preferred football to cricket. The young sons of the employees on the estate shared in both these games, and no favouritism was allowed. At Windsor, choir-boys from St George's Chapel used to be invited to play cricket with the royal grandchildren, and on such occasions Princess Mary often played also. A cricket ball is still in existence with which Prince Albert successively bowled his grandfather, King Edward VII, his father, the future King George V, and his brother, the future King Edward VIII—a 'hat-trick' surely unique in the history of the game!

Among the problems with which the excellent Mr Hansell had to cope was that of maintaining the delicate balance between the eldest of his charges, the presumed future King, and the rest of them. While on the one hand, strict fairness and impartiality must rule, on the other, tradition demanded that a line, faint, perhaps, but quite real, should be drawn between the sovereign-to-be and his young brothers. It speaks well for the tutor, and better still for his pupils, that

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the drawing of this line neither made Edward conceited nor the other princes jealous or resentful. They were, and, to use Edward VIII's words at the time of his abdication, have remained, "as brothers, the best of friends."

Examinations appal some examinees more than they do others, but it is fairly certain that both Mr Hansell and Prince Albert looked forward with a certain amount of trepidation to the test which should decide whether the boy was suitable for a naval cadetship at Osborne. Hard work and good intentions are not always enough, and many an industrious and determined candidate has found with dismay that, confronted by the examination papers, his mind becomes a complete blank. Albert's difficulties were increased by his stammer, for naval cadets have to be prompt and ready with their answers to a startling variety of questions fired off at them by a board of inspecting Admirals. No special privileges were vouchsafed to applicants of the blood royal, whose names, like those of the other boys, were replaced on the actual papers by an inscrutable number. Another ordeal was the medical examination, held to decide, among other things, whether the applicant was up to the Osborne standard in the strength of his sight, the soundness of his teeth, and the straightness of his toes !

On December 22, 1908, *The Times* contained this laconic announcement :

"We are informed by the Admiralty that the following candidates are declared to have passed the qualifying examination and will enter the Royal Naval College, Osborne, in January next."

Then comes, in alphabetical order, a list of seventy-two boys. Sixth from the end appears the name of Prince Albert of Wales.



## CHAPTER II

### *Making a Sailor*

A FEW years after her marriage to Albert the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria built a country home for herself in the Isle of Wight, near the pretty little village of Whippingham. Architecturally the building was of the style vaguely called 'Italian'—there were hundreds like it being built up and down the land during the 'fifties of the nineteenth century—but it had pleasant grounds and 'commanded' beautiful sea views. Moreover, its long corridors and numerous heavily draped rooms housed the ever-increasing collection of curiosities amassed by Victoria in the course of her long life—a collection so vast that it overflowed the bounds of Windsor, Balmoral, and Buckingham Palace.

Here the widowed Queen often stayed, breakfasting to the music of the bagpipes, which must have startled the chalky cliffs with their wild skirl, and jogging about the leafy lanes in her donkey-cart. It was here, too, that she died on a grey January day in the year 1901. After her death, her son and successor, Edward VII, who did not wish to keep Osborne as a royal residence, turned it into a convalescent home for naval and military officers, setting aside about forty acres of the estate for a new Naval College, constructed pleasantly though unassumingly "on the bungalow system." This College was formally opened by the King himself in August, 1903. Each of the dormitories was called

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after some naval celebrity ; Nelson's name was given to the assembly hall and gymnasium, while Collingwood was godfather to the dining-hall. Every cadet had at the foot of his cot a most workmanlike sea-chest, 3 feet 6 inches long, 2 feet broad, and 2 feet 3 inches high, containing his clothes and valuables. Silver watches were allowed, but gold watches were forbidden.

The cadet's day began at 6.30 A.M. when he was roused by the 'Reveill  ' bugle, and by stentorian cries of "Turn out, turn out !" Well tubbed and brushed, he was refreshed with cocoa and biscuits before sitting down to forty-five minutes of lessons. Breakfast was at 7.30, and morning prayers were read in 'Nelson' at 8.50. Class work went on, with a brief interlude for refreshment, till dinner at 1 P.M. Then followed two hours and a half of recreation, either in the playing-fields or the recreation-room. Afternoon lesson times depended on the season of the year, but occupied about two hours and a quarter, with the usual brief pause to refresh the inner boy. Tea, a substantial and heartening meal, the last of the day, was taken at 7 P.M. ; then, after another half-hour's study and another half-hour's recreation, the bugles were heard sounding 'Retire,' and by 9 P.M. the notes of 'Lights out' had been obeyed, and each cadet was in his cot.

The mornings not devoted to the study of mathematics, geography, history, English, French, German, scripture, and chemistry were spent mainly in the engineering workshops at Kingston, about a mile from the college, or aboard the training-cruiser, H.M.S. *Eclipse*. A large part of the cadet's attention had to be concentrated on mechanics and applied

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mechanics, applied electricity, engineering (theory and practice) mechanical drawing, navigation, seamanship, gunnery, and other subjects connected with his naval vocation. Fencing, boxing, and drill kept his eye keen and his muscles hard.

Like his elder brother, Edward, Prince Albert took very kindly to the practical side of his training, and thoroughly enjoyed the hours spent in the machine-shop, the carpenter's shop, the seamanship room, and the blacksmith's forge. A King who has been trained as a naval officer has learned to use his hands—and to make them dirty ; to use his muscles, and to make them ache, too ; to understand how to handle tools and materials, and to enjoy doing a difficult job well. He will have learned how to obey and how to make himself obeyed ; he will have realized the importance of two things without which neither battleship nor factory, office nor school, can be run efficiently and happily—discipline and good fellowship. Habits of keen observation and prompt decision will have become second nature to him—for cadets who are found lacking in these qualities do not, as a rule, complete their naval education. The Navy does not need them, whatever good points of another kind they may possess.

From the grounds of Osborne College the cadets could see the ships coming up the Solent to Southampton, or setting out from that harbour for some foreign port, near or far. They learned to identify each type of craft, describe her in correct sailorly language, estimate her tonnage, and, if she were ' in sail,' indicate her kind of rig. If she were a steamer, engines, horsepower, and other mechanical details entered into the picture. Warships also swam into their ken. Eight or

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nine years earlier the Admiralty had ordered from the famous shipbuilding yard of Vickers the first submarines ever forming part of the British Navy. In 1906 the first *Dreadnought* had been launched, and a new turn had been given to the course of naval history. The ship was then regarded as a marvel of size and speed. She carried ten 12-in. guns, displaced 17,900 tons of water, and could steam 21 knots. There were very few questions about her characteristics and capacities which an Osborne cadet would not have been able to answer with accuracy and enthusiasm.

Those same cadets must also have been conscious of the fact that a race in naval construction was proceeding between Great Britain and Germany. The German retort to the construction of the *Dreadnought* was a law designed to replace her whole first fighting fleet with ships of the same formidable class. In 1909, Prince Albert's first year at Osborne, there was a violent public agitation in favour of an immediate increase in British naval strength. Later events may have modified the original belief that ships of the *Dreadnought* class were the most useful of all ships, but at that time, with our powerful rival building them at top speed, public sentiment expressed itself in the jingling slogan :

"We want eight  
And we won't wait!"

Mr Reginald McKenna became first Lord of the Admiralty at this critical juncture, and he saw to it that the naval estimates for the year included the construction of the huge vessels which national anxiety regarded as essential to national prestige and security. It seems that in this course of action he

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cannot have failed to enjoy the hearty approval of the Osborne cadets !

When Albert of Wales, a slight, shy boy with a stammer, entered the College, he had not the advantage enjoyed by the sons of many families with naval traditions—that of having an elder brother among the senior boys. Edward of Wales had been transferred from Osborne to Dartmouth at the end of 1908, and it was without any brotherly backing that the new cadet had to find his feet in those unfamiliar surroundings. School life, made more stern and also more exciting by its naval character, must have seemed very strange at first to a small boy who had never even been to a 'prep' school.

Fellow-cadets of Albert of Wales remember him as a more reserved and industrious pupil than his senior, keenly interested in the profession which it was then his intention permanently to follow, outwardly rather serious, but, when the barrier of shyness was broken down, as capable of high spirits and fantastic pranks as any of them. Physically he was active rather than robust, and it was noticed that in feature he bore a closer resemblance to both his parents than Edward bore to either of them.

In addition to their lessons on their training cruises and in their class-rooms and workshops, the cadets were given a wider practical acquaintance with conditions in the Senior Service by being taken from time to time on visits to naval establishments at Devonport and Plymouth, and to naval reviews at Spithead. An event to which they must all have looked forward eagerly was the annual assault-at-arms, when contests were held to decide which teams excelled in boxing, fencing, and individual gymnastics.

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In May, 1910, just when the sport-loving section of the population was beginning to look forward to the Derby, a sudden shadow was cast over the kingdom by the news that King Edward VII was critically ill. "The uncle of Europe," as some one wittily called him, had by his tact, his powers of conciliation, and his shrewd judgment in foreign affairs, won for himself a unique place among the monarchs of Europe—a more numerous company than they were to be only eight years later. There was a general sense that so long as that genial figure dominated the European scene the other kings would not be able to get up to much mischief, and when he died it seemed as if a strong, steady influence had been withdrawn.

His two eldest grandsons, Edward and Albert of Wales, were given leave of absence from Dartmouth and Osborne to attend his funeral at Windsor. Of the nine ruling sovereigns who walked in that solemn and splendid procession, there was none that was not related to him, closely or distantly, either by marriage or by blood. It was the last pageant of the old dynastic, pre-War western world, a world to be stricken and shattered four years later in the Great War of 1914-18. Among the heirs-apparent and heirs-presumptive who also marched behind the gun-carriage to the heart-haunting music of Chopin's *Marche Funèbre* was the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria. Most of the onlookers were probably more interested in the proud, picturesque figure of Kaiser Wilhelm II, some of them perhaps glanced with greater attention at the kilted Highlander leading the dead King's favourite dog: yet on the life of Franz Ferdinand hung the lives of millions of men and, indeed, the peace of the whole globe.

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The two young Princes, in their cadets' uniforms with the broad crape mourning bands on their left sleeves, introduced a gracious note of youth and hope. The elder of the two, now Heir-apparent, then seemed destined to follow on the throne the grave-faced father who was at that moment mounting its steps. He appealed to the popular imagination, and when a year later he was solemnly and ceremonially invested at Caernarvon with the principality of Wales, he stepped at once into the intense light of twentieth-century publicity.

On the day after King Edward VII's death his successor, George V, was proclaimed by Garter King-at-Arms from a balcony in the Friary Court of St James's Palace, to the sound of clamouring trumpets and loyal cheers. Opposite Friary Court is Marlborough House, and it was from the garden of that house that the three eldest sons and the only daughter of the new King watched the medieval ceremony and listened to the fanfares and the cheering. With their hands raised in the naval salute, the two cadets stood stiffly to attention when the military band crashed out the first thundering bars of *God Save the King*.

The minds of men are proverbially difficult to read, but the mind of one normal boy is very like another's, and I think we may conjecture that the second son of the new King felt glad that it was upon his elder brother rather than upon him that eyes were turned and cameras were focused and demands for public appearances were made during the years that followed. The elder went back to Dartmouth and the younger to Osborne, each with the knowledge that it might not be for long. At the end of the same year Mr Palmer, cadet steward at Osborne,



" THE FAIR-HAIRED ROYAL CHILDREN "

PRINCE ALBERT, PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE GEORGE, PRINCE HENRY, AND THE PRINCE OF WALES





*Central Press Photos, Inc.*

### A SCOTTISH HOLIDAY

PRINCE EDWARD, MR. H. P. HANSELL, AND PRINCE ALBERT AT BALMORAL

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received as a farewell gift a signed photograph of Prince Albert who, early in 1911, was transferred to Dartmouth. There for a short time he had Prince Edward as his fellow-cadet—a time unfortunately seized upon by the measles microbe, which laid both the brothers low.

The attack was mild, and it may be that the victims felt a certain degree of gratitude to that microbe, since to its presence they owed a delightful Cornish holiday in the early weeks of 1911. They spent some weeks at Newquay, playing golf, climbing the cliffs, and exploring quaint old fishing-villages. They saw the new cathedral at Truro, and had tea with the Bishop. They visited the Bodmin depot of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and had lunch with the officers. They also witnessed a launch of the Newquay lifeboat, and gave a five-pound note to be divided among the crew.

In honour of the Coronation of their father and mother both the royal cadets were given a week's leave. For the elder boy, now Prince of Wales and Knight of the Garter, the occasion was something of an ordeal as well as an adventure, for he had to do homage to his newly crowned father, and swear fealty to him "against all manner of folks."

In the sixth State landau of the second procession to Westminster the crowds recognized five of the royal children, the Prince of Wales wearing his robes as a K.G., Prince Albert in his cadet's uniform, the Princes Henry and George in Highland dress, Princess Mary in a simple white frock. As the picturesque coach neared the Abbey Prince Albert must have been conscious of the eyes of the sixth-year Osborne cadets, who were looking down at him from the stand which had been specially allotted to them.

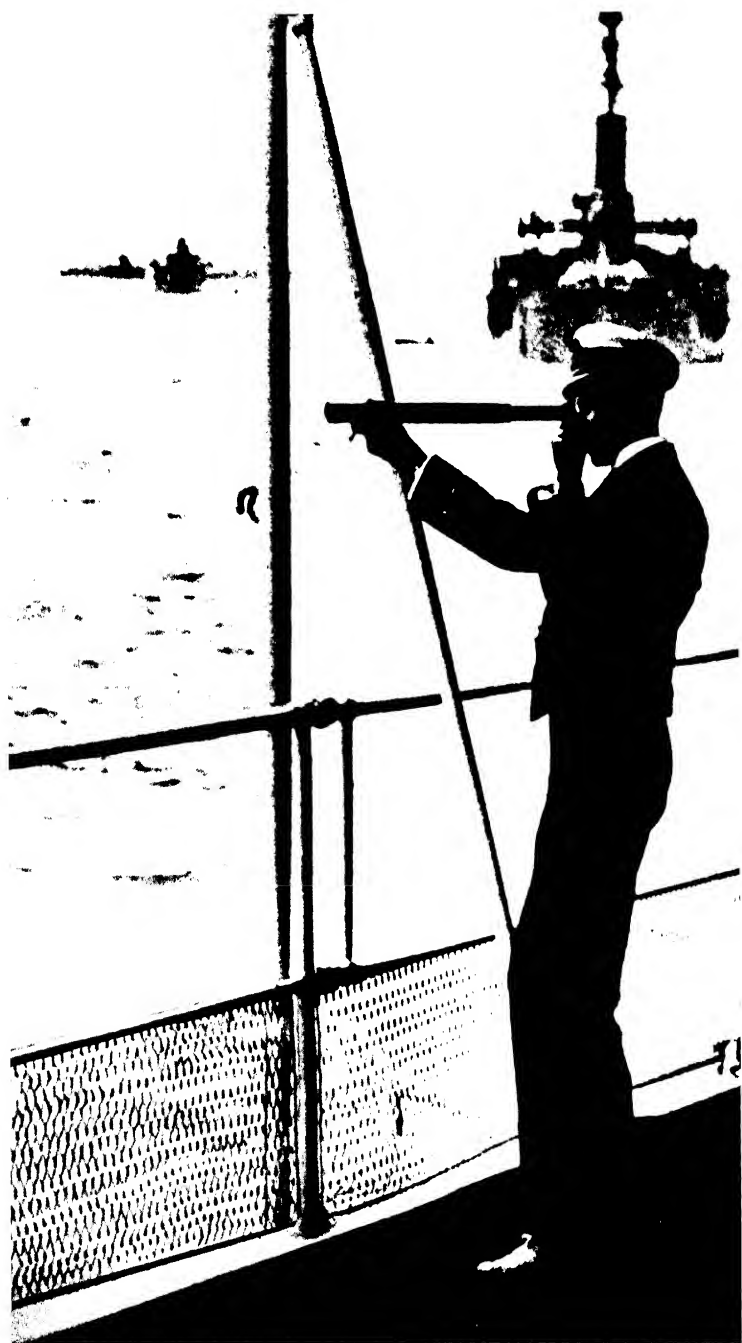
## King George the Sixth

During the long-drawn-out, ancient, and solemn ceremony all the children except the eldest occupied seats in the front row of the stand set apart for the Royal family, from which they could see all the thousand-year-old pageantry of the anointing and crowning. When it was over, the three brothers and the sister gathered round the Prince of Wales, now, like the rest of the peers, wearing the coronet appropriate to his rank, and no doubt wishing that his particular headgear had been less gorgeous and cumbersome.

In Coronation year King George V was able to add to his famous collection of postage stamps a set issued by Newfoundland adorned with portraits not only of himself and Queen Mary but of all their six children as well. Prince Albert's head appeared on the six-cents stamp; his youngest brother, Prince John, had nine cents to his credit.

Under the system of training for the Navy which prevailed before the Great War a cadet spent two years at Osborne before going to Dartmouth. In this way his suitability for a naval career was tested, and by the time he had reached the end of his sixth and last term on the Isle of Wight little uncertainty as to his future remained.

The Royal Naval College on the high, wooded west bank of the River Dart was opened in September, 1905, and in its ambitious and almost excessively ornate architecture there was nothing to remind the newcomer of the one-storeyed bungalow buildings at Osborne. For forty years two famous old training-ships, the *Britannia* and the *Hindustan*, had lain at anchor in the river just beneath the hill where the College stands. They were wooden ships, with their sides painted black and white, quite obviously the





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direct and not very distant descendants of Nelson's *Victory*. Two ships used for the training of cadets had successively borne the name of *Britannia*, and the second came to be so closely associated with this corner of Devonshire that her name is still affectionately (though not officially) tacked on to the vast College which took her place as the nursery of future naval officers. It was in this *Britannia* that George V had slung his hammock some thirty years before.

When the very last of many prize-givings was held aboard the *Britannia*, Professor J. A. Ewing, Director of Naval Education, made a speech in the course of which he remarked that the sea was bigger than all their schools, and that for all their active life they would remain "scholars of the sea." From year to year, said the Professor, from cadet to admiral, it would rest with them to gain daily "new knowledge, a wider outlook, a firmer grasp of the intricacies of their profession." Such was the standard, and such were the traditions, which a Dartmouth cadet inherited, and which he was expected to uphold.

One point of interest—and peculiarity—about the clock-tower of Dartmouth College is that it rings seafaring time on shore—so many bells, the day and night being divided into watches, as on shipboard. The College chime agrees with the other chimes of Dartmouth only twice in the twenty-four hours—at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M.

Prince Albert remained two years at Dartmouth, where both work and play were very much the same as they had been at Osborne though—perhaps with one exception—a little more arduous. That exception was the rising hour—7 instead of 6.30 A.M. !

In April, 1912, Prince Albert was one of the winning

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team in a twenty-furlong cross-country race, and secured eighteenth place, his height being then officially recorded as "under 5 feet 4 inches." During the Easter holidays of that year he was confirmed at Sandringham by Bishop Boyd Carpenter, an old and greatly loved friend of the Royal family, the Reverend Henry Dixon-Wright, Chaplain to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, being among the clergymen present. A little later in the same year the young Prince went down for the first time in a submarine, and in the course of the summer term assault-at-arms he was one of the team which carried off the prize for Swedish drill, and which missed winning the 'scaling the wall' competition by a single point. In December he passed out of Dartmouth, placed sixty-fourth among the cadets of his term, and, having celebrated his seventeenth birthday, sent his birthday cake to be distributed among the inmates at the Crippled Boys' Home in Kensington.

Sixty-five cadets, among whom was Prince Albert, left Plymouth in January, 1913, for a training cruise aboard H.M.S. *Cumberland*. The cruise lasted six months, the first part being spent chiefly in the West Indies and the second part in Canada and Newfoundland. All the cadets had to take sights while the ship was at sea, and do duty 'turn about' in the engine-room. They were thus translating into practice the complicated theories which they had mastered at Osborne and at Dartmouth.

At Teneriffe, one of their first ports of call, the Prince played football for the *Cumberland* cadets against a local team, and had his first sight of a volcano, the gleaming white Pico de Teide, from which dark wisps of smoke are seldom seen to issue nowadays. He next

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visited the most easterly of the West Indies, Barbados, which became British in 1605, a picturesque island, thickly wooded with the 'bearded' fig trees, from which it takes its ancient Portuguese name, and girdled with long reefs of coral.

At Bridgetown, the capital city, a gymkhana was held in honour of the visit of the *Cumberland*, and though it is said that sailors do not usually show to great advantage on horseback, Prince Albert won two of the four events in which he took part. And now he was beginning to feel that invisible but inescapable burden always imposed sooner or later upon Royal shoulders—the burden of official duty. With no elder brother to 'draw the fire' of eyes and cameras, or to make the correct response to ceremonial courtesies, he had to face ordeals which, light enough in themselves though they might be, must have been decidedly alarming to a shy young cadet—especially when he had to 'perform' before an audience including large numbers of his shipmates! At Queen's Park, Bridgetown, he planted a tree in commemoration of his first visit to the 'bearded' island. To some girls who ventured to approach him with their autograph-books he said smilingly, "I write awfully badly, and I have heaps of names. Do you want them *all*?"

The *Cumberland* continued her cruise, calling at the French island of Martinique, dominated by the sinister and stark volcanic mountain, Mont Pelée—the bald-pated mountain—and then at the little British island of Dominica, in the Leeward group. Among the principal exports of Dominica are lime-juice and cane-sugar, two excellent things which, taken in conjunction, provide a drink considered very wholesome for seafaring men. Porto Rico, famous for its coffee, and



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Havana, famous for its cigars, were touched at, and a slightly longer stay was made in the harbour of Kingston, Jamaica. Between the first part and the second of the *Cumberland's* cruise the contrast was very great. Colour and background, character and atmosphere, all were different when the ship proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and thence, by way of the mighty river St Lawrence, to Quebec and Ottawa.

At Ottawa Prince Albert unfortunately fell ill with influenza. By the end of June he seemed outwardly fit again, and when the *Cumberland* anchored off St John's, Newfoundland, he was able to go ashore and lunch with the Governor. As a rainstorm raged that day, he had to drive through the streets in a closed carriage, to the regret of the loyal Newfoundlanders, but his transit was cheered by the familiar melody of *God Save the King*, played by the bells of the Roman Catholic cathedral.

The Prince was back in England in July, and spent a great part of his summer holidays golfing, fishing, and shooting at Balmoral. At the end of the year he reached the next stage in his naval progress, and was promoted from cadet to midshipman. His first ship was not one of the new 'Dreadnoughts,' because it was felt that he would get a more serviceable knowledge of his routine duties on a less spectacular battleship. He accordingly took up his 'middy's' responsibilities on H.M.S. *Collingwood*, the flagship of Vice-Admiral the Honourable Sir Stanley Colville, an old friend of his father's and a member of a family in which naval traditions were strong.

A 'snotty'—to use his own slang term for himself—had much to learn which could not be learned by a cadet. Especially he had to learn how to shoulder

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responsibility. In spite of the dreadful implications of his nickname, it seems improbable that there had at any time been any need to instruct him in the proper use of his pocket-handkerchief. None the less, he was doubtless familiar with the naval myth or legend to the effect that long after the three buttons on the cuffs of the senior officers had been replaced by gold braid the buttons on the cuffs of the midshipmen were retained in order to deter them from wiping their noses on their sleeves !

Even the 'shore leave' of a Royal 'middy' was expected to provide instruction as well as amusement. During the early months of 1914 Prince Albert was edified by hearing lectures on Arctic exploration, by visiting the Y.M.C.A. and the Houses of Parliament, and by being shown over Scotland Yard. It was necessary to equip him for the duties of younger brother to the Heir-Apparent, and to give him the requisite knowledge, experience, and poise. Sooner or later he would have to preside at meetings and banquets, converse with politicians, potentates, and provincial worthies, declare bridges and docks, hospitals, and lecture halls open, and make speeches neither dismally dull nor startlingly bright.

Meanwhile the Prince of Wales had, with un concealed reluctance, relinquished his naval career and become an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford. During the Easter vacation of 1914 he temporarily exchanged his cap and gown for the uniform of a Sub-Lieutenant in the Royal Navy in order to enjoy a week's cruise with his brother on the *Collingwood*. Most of the time was spent off the west coast of Scotland, and several landings were made where there was a good chance of a round of golf.

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In July King George V held a great naval review off Spithead. According to Admiralty arrangements the Fleet should have dispersed almost immediately to manœuvres, and then the concentration of British sea-power in home waters would have been at an end. But events on the Continent caused the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr Winston Churchill, to take steps to prevent the imminent dispersal of the Fleet. That was on July 26. Two days later the Austro-Hungarian Empire, as an act of revenge for the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand by a Serbian student at Sarajevo, declared war on Serbia, and the World War of 1914-18 had begun.

## CHAPTER III

### *War Service. In the Navy*

EVENTS moved rapidly between July 28, 1914, when Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia, and on August 4, when Great Britain's ultimatum to Germany expired. During that brief, breathless interval the German Empire had declared war on Russia and France, and by violating Belgian neutrality had made British intervention inevitable.

If Germany had not invaded Belgium, would England have been involved in the gigantic and futile tragedy of 1914-18? It is not an easy question to answer. Yet this at least seems beyond doubt. The deep-rooted instinct of self-preservation would not have allowed this island to acquiesce in the conquest of France by Germany.

Many people in Britain confidently hoped that a large-scale naval engagement would force an early decision at sea, and as confidently believed that our share in the struggle would be borne mainly by the Navy. Our small professional army amounted to fewer than three hundred thousand men, but we had thirty-two Dreadnoughts against Germany's nineteen and France's twelve, and our total naval forces, counting every type of vessel—battleships, cruisers, destroyers, and submarines—amounted to 561 ships, manned in peace-time by 146,000 officers and 'naval ratings.' Yet that eagerly awaited large-scale battle did not take place till May, 1916—nearly two years later, and

## *King George the Sixth*

when it *did* come, it was the queer, inconclusive battle of Jutland. The pressure of Britain's sea-power was exercised not in one smashing battle but patiently, steadily, relentlessly, until Germany's proud fleet was sealed up in her own harbours, there to abide, while discipline crumbled and hope dwindled, until the end of the war, when the whole German Navy surrendered at Scapa Flow.

On August 28, 1914, the short and glorious encounter known as the Battle of Heligoland Bight was won by Admiral Sir David (afterwards Earl) Beatty. Prince Albert was not in this exciting little fight. Two days later the hospital ship *Robilla* anchored off Aberdeen and landed forty patients requiring treatment on shore. The Admiralty reports emphasized that these were not war casualties, but cases of illness or accident "arising out of ordinary routine on board vessels of the Fleet." One of the forty was Prince Albert, whom the Aberdeen Boys' Brigade Ambulance Company carried ashore on a stretcher. Ten days later the Prince was operated on for appendicitis. Optimistic bulletins were issued, but this operation was only the second stage in a dreary sequence of bad health. On December 9, the morrow of the victory won by Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee over the German Admiral von Spee off the Falkland Islands, the following announcement was made :

The Prince Albert has been examined by a Naval Medical Board, and they do not consider that His Royal Highness is yet in a fit state to return to his ship.

It was not till two months later that the Admiralty doctors allowed the royal midshipman to report for duty.

## War Service. In the Navy

The King's son was a midshipman like any other midshipman, sharing the hardships, the monotony, the dangers, and the occasional diversions of a sailor's life under war conditions at sea. His shipmates remember him as a keen young officer, expert in the brewing of cocoa as well as in his more definitely seamanlike duties ; but none of them has yet explained the origin of his naval nickname—' Mr Johnson.'

For nine months ' Mr Johnson ' remained with his ship in northern waters, often in peril from German minefields, though more or less immune from the attentions of German guns. Like the other ' middies,' he enjoyed a visit to the Wilson liner *Borodino* which, at the suggestion of the Admiralty, had been equipped as a sort of universal department store, to supply such necessities and even—in a modest way—such luxuries as could not be obtained at the small village shops in the Orkneys. After the United States ranged themselves with the Allies in 1917 there was a demand which even the resourceful directors of the *Borodino* had not anticipated—a sudden demand for chewing-gum. As none was then obtainable, the American sailors contented themselves with chewing kippers dipped in jam.

The manager of this floating emporium remembered Prince Albert as a frequent visitor, referred to by the sailors as ' Mr Johnson ' and by the officers as ' Johnson ' plain and simple.

Off the Dogger Bank in January, 1915, there had been an exciting clash between the squadrons commanded by Admirals Beatty and Tyrwhitt and a strong German reconnaissance force, but the determining factor in that year's naval struggle was undoubtedly the submarine. Germany, thwarted on land and

## King George the Sixth

reluctant to try conclusions with the British fleet on the surface of the sea, then pinned her faith to the power of the U-boat—the *Untersee*- or Undersea-boat—to break the resistance of the Allies. Any ship was liable to be sunk at sight without warning, and neutrals, non-combatants, women, children, even doctors, nurses, and wounded men, might be sent to the bottom of the ocean without a hope of help or rescue.

The story of how between them the British Admiralty and the British Mercantile Marine set themselves to defeat this menace, of the amazing—and sometimes even amusing—stratagems they employed, of the inventiveness and resource displayed by seamen and landsmen both, and of the courage and coolness of the Merchant Service, is one of the most thrilling stories in our history, but none of these exploits would have been possible had not the Grand Fleet kept watch in the North Sea. It was that tremendous concentration of naval power, of many mighty ships at the point of utmost peril, which enabled other ships in other waters to play their memorable part.

Prince Albert spent the greater part of 1915 with the Grand Fleet, but in November he was back in London, a very sick man, sentenced by the doctors to undergo special treatment for an "obstinate gastric disorder."

'Special treatment' is not necessarily painful, but it is almost always irksome, and there was a good deal of sympathy with the unfortunate midshipman thus kept on shore in the benevolent but relentless clutch of doctors and nurses just at the moment when he would be most anxious not to be absent from duty.

## *War Service. In the Navy*

Not till nearly four months later was he within range of that mysterious organ known as the 'Public Eye.' In the interim he had been putting in some steady work in the Operations Division of the Admiralty, and thus keeping his professional technique from getting rusty.

On March 17, 1916, he fulfilled his first public and official engagement by opening a new shooting range installed by the Westminster Rifle Club for the use of members of both Houses of Parliament and the staff of the Palace of Westminster. After the formal introductory remarks suitable to the occasion, the Prince said, "I shall declare the range open by firing the first shot, and I will try my best to obtain a bull's eye." Actually he scored a hit just above the bull's eye. Mr Lewis (afterwards Lord) Harcourt, in thanking H.R.H., observed that he was "sure the Prince must wish, as they all did, that the enemy in the North Sea would come within such a range—or, indeed, within any range."

On May 6, 1917, Prince Albert rejoined his ship, and ten days later he was promoted Sub-Lieutenant. Although his 'run' of bad luck had not ended, he was at least spared the vexation of reading in bed Sir John Jellicoe's despatches on the Battle of Jutland.

At some future—and perhaps very distant—date it may be possible for historians accurately to describe this battle, and justly to weigh its influence on the subsequent course of the War. Many books have already been written upon the subject, and much controversy has raged. One thing only is certain. The German Battle Fleet after that day did not venture into the open sea.

On May 31, 1916, seventy units of the German



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Battle Fleet under Admiral von Scheer were cruising off the coast of Jutland, preceded by a vanguard of forty lighter units under Admiral von Hipper. Word of their doings reached Sir John (afterwards Earl) Jellicoe, and a hundred units of the British Battle Fleet, with a vanguard of fifty led by Beatty, promptly put to sea. The two advance forces got into touch in the afternoon, and von Hipper, having sunk two of Beatty's best cruisers, tried to lure him towards von Scheer. When he sighted the main German Battle Fleet, the British Admiral turned back to decoy it towards Jellicoe, but—owing, it is said, to some unlucky break in our communications—it was not until 6.25 P.M. that Sir John deployed across the head of the German advance and the engagement became general.

It was a very different sort of naval battle from the short-range—almost hand-to-hand—tussle of Nelson's time ; very different, too, from an even earlier type of sea warfare, when the main object of each ship was to hook herself with grappling-irons on to an enemy ship, so that her crew could swarm on board and take possession. Firing at a ten-mile range, the gunners at Jutland could sometimes hardly see, even through powerful glasses, the targets at which they aimed. There were phases of the conflict when to each other the opposing ships seemed only far-off smudges of smoke. How curious and how difficult these conditions were we may be able to imagine if we think of a gun being fired from St Paul's Cathedral with the object of hitting a house in Hendon.

Admiral Jellicoe's flagship, the *Iron Duke*, and Admiral Beatty's flagship, the *Tiger*, were great grey giants of the super-Dreadnought class, the type of ship upon which naval experts had built high hopes, and

## War Service. In the Navy

upon which many millions of German marks and British pounds sterling had been expended. When these giants were put to the test in actual warfare, they were found to be less of an asset than a liability. It is true that they possessed formidable hitting powers at long range ; it is also true that they were exceedingly vulnerable to attack—at long range. In a sense their merits and their defects may be said to have cancelled each other out. This realization was, of course, as disconcerting to the Germans as to the British. Both nations had staked much on these sea-monsters. To demonstrate the vulnerability of this class of ship it may be mentioned that the great battle-cruiser *Queen Mary*, one of the finest gunnery ships in the Fleet, was hit after she had been only half an hour in action, and “ within thirty seconds,” says an eye-witness, “ she broke up and sank in a wild confusion of red glare and smoke so thick that it looked solid.” One of her midshipmen was blown off his gun-turret into the water, where he clung for half an hour to a floating hatch, with enemy shells exploding round him.

The fate of that midshipman—or a worse fate than his—might well have overtaken ‘ Mr Johnson ’ in the foremost of the 12-inch gun-turrets of the *Collingwood*. High-explosive shells are no respecters of persons, and the cruisers were not getting off scot-free by any means. One survivor, describing the battle as he saw it from a raft, said, “ There was something to look at. Zeppelins, torpedo-craft, submarines, and big ships were all there. Shells fell like hailstones into the water, and we could see the small craft getting it badly.”

H.M.S. *Collingwood* was in the Fifth Division of the First Battle Squadron, and she expended eighty-four rounds of shot. Some naval chroniclers assert that

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when the German cruiser *Derfflinger* came within range of the guns of the British ships *Collingwood* and *Colossus*, she would almost inevitably have been sunk had the shells fired at her been A.P. (armour-piercing) instead of lyddite. (Lyddite explodes as it touches the target, but A.P. shells, as their name implies, penetrate the armoured sides of a ship and, by means of a delayed action fuse, explode *after* penetrating them.) By the time the order to shift the charges to A.P. had been given and obeyed, the *Derfflinger* had vanished into the haze, though not before direct hits from the two British cruisers had silenced a number of her guns and set her on fire at several points.

Many of us who have never been shown over a battleship know, from seeing gun crews at work on the 'movies,' fairly well what the inside of a gun-turret looks like during target practice. What it is almost impossible for us to conceive is the inside of such a gun-turret in the thick of a real battle, when the crews are keyed up to the highest pitch, penned in their metal prison from which few could escape if their ship were struck and sunk by an enemy shell. After Jutland, there was very little about firing guns in war-time that Acting-Lieutenant Prince Albert did not know from the closest personal experience. As a memento of that initiation he has kept the white ensign flown by the *Collingwood* during the engagement.

As the summer afternoon waned, weather conditions became more unfavourable to the British. Night fell, and, despite every effort to intercept him, von Scheer escaped into the deepening dusk. Next morning the fog cleared, and the Grand Fleet, four hundred miles from its bases, in the enemy's own waters, close to his very harbour, waited till

## *War Service. In the Navy*

11 o'clock before turning unwillingly towards home. Von Scheer was by that time snug within his own mine-field, from which he showed no disposition to emerge, and with that rather negative satisfaction Englishmen had to be content. Later naval activities by the enemy, apart from the intensive submarine campaign, were slight and spasmodic compared with Jutland.

During the one big battle of the War, 'Mr Johnson' did his share, and it has been put on record by an authority on the subject that "he behaved with such coolness and carried out his job with such efficiency in difficult circumstances that the mention in despatches which he earned was unanimously agreed to be well deserved and not in any way due to his rank." It is also recorded that he employed a lull in his duty at his battle-station by making and distributing cups of cocoa for officers and men.

If proof were needed that the commendation Prince Albert received was well and truly deserved, it may be found in the fact that no attempt was made to give him an exaggerated or conspicuous place in the Jutland Honours List. His name appears quite near the bottom of a long column of names among "Officers Commended for their Services," and when, a little later, the Tsar of Russia and the King of Italy politely and thoughtfully decorated the British naval officers who had distinguished themselves in the battle, they did not bestow orders of the highest dignity upon "Acting-Lieutenant the Prince Albert Frederick Arthur George." From the unhappy Tsar he received the Order of St Vladimir, Fourth Class, and from the King of Italy the rank of 'Cavalier' in the Military Order of Savoy.

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Unfortunately it was not aboard the *Collingwood* but in a hospital ship at the Scapa Flow base that 'Mr Johnson' spent the months immediately following the battle. He beguiled the weary days as best he could by filling up the examination papers upon seamanship and other technical subjects which, at his earnest desire, were sent to him from his own ship, and he also insisted that if the Germans should emerge again he should be allowed to rejoin the *Collingwood* immediately. In September, 1916, it was announced from Windsor Castle that Prince Albert had been invalided home "owing to acute abdominal trouble," and for the time being he had to abandon all hope of being permitted to report for active service in the North Sea.

Inactivity would not content the Prince, however, and in November he was sent to Portsmouth and appointed to the *Victory* "additional for service on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth"—the C.-in-C. being none other than his former chief, Admiral Sir Stanley Colville. We have his own word for it that the new member of Sir Stanley's staff enjoyed his duties, even though they were not the kind of duties which at that particular moment he would most have wished to perform.

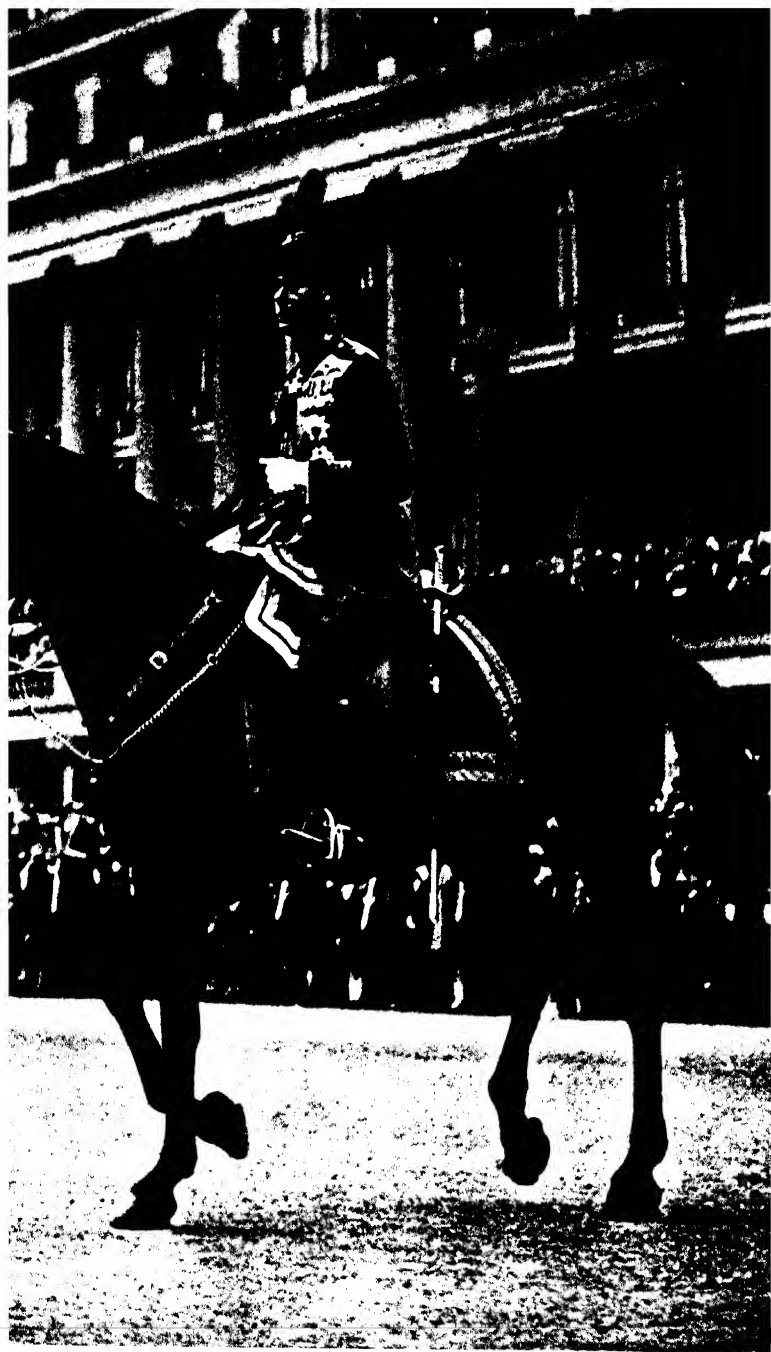
Early in 1917 came what the Prince must have hoped would be a prolonged spell of active service afloat, when he joined the battleship *Malaya* of the Fifth Battle Squadron at Scapa Flow. He was now twenty-one years of age, and had been invested by his father with the insignia of a Knight Commander of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. He was anxious, as King George V had been before him, to make the Navy his profession, and, again like King George, he



*Central Press P*

R.A.F.

AS AN OFFICER IN THE ROYAL AIR FORCE



*London News Agency Photo Ltd.*

## War Service. In the Navy

had then no expectation of succeeding to the throne in the stead of an elder brother whom the whole Empire was learning to look to as the Heir Apparent.

On the *Malaya* the Prince found an old friend of Osborne and *Cumberland* days—Louis Greig, a Scotsman who had joined the Royal Navy as a surgeon eleven years earlier, and had had an eventful career, which included service on land as well as at sea. He had played 'Rugger' for Scotland in International matches, and had been a prisoner of war in German hands for nearly a year. Between him and Prince Albert there was the bond of a common enthusiasm for sport, more especially for squash racquets and lawn tennis. Subsequent events showed that both of them were about this time interesting themselves in what is sometimes rather quaintly called the 'air arm' of his Majesty's fighting forces.

It is believed to have been largely owing to the vigorously expressed opinion of his naval surgeon friend that Prince Albert was once more sent ashore for treatment, after a spell of duty with the Grand Fleet which had brought with it more hard work than excitement.

On November 7, 1917, the following announcement was issued :

His Royal Highness Prince Albert has improved in health since he was invalided home from the Grand Fleet. He was suffering from the symptoms of duodenal ulcer. Although it would not be possible for His Royal Highness to resume duty at sea, he has sufficiently recovered to take up work on shore.

FREDERICK TREVES. F. STANLEY HEWETT.

BERTRAND DAWSON. LOUIS L. GREIG, R.N.



## King George the Sixth

The duodenum, the site of the Prince's malady, is a part of the intestine, so called because it is twelve fingers in breadth—Latin, *duodeni*, 'twelve each.' If it becomes ulcerated the patient suffers from pain, fever, and exhaustion ; he has to lie flat on his back, and subsist on a mild but uninspiring diet of lime-water, custard puddings, and bread and milk. As soon as he gets up and becomes energetic, the more serious symptoms return, and in the end the inevitable surgical operation has to be performed, to save him from chronic invalidism—or worse.

A week after these distinguished medical gentlemen had let it be known that Prince Albert was "sufficiently recovered to take up work on shore," their patient was appointed to Cranwell Air Station "for executive duties." It meant farewell to the Navy, and to all hopes of a normal career as a naval officer ; it meant a complete readjustment, mental and physical, to new duties, new tests of endurance, and new responsibilities. But before the young Prince had time to report himself to the authorities at the Cranwell Air Station, his health had once more given way. At Buckingham Palace on November 29 the same four doctors signed this statement :

Since the issue of the bulletin on November 7, His Royal Highness Prince Albert has had a relapse, necessitating an operation for duodenal ulcer. This operation has been performed this morning.

It was not until February, 1918, that the Prince was sufficiently recovered to betake himself to Cranwell. When he went, Staff-Surgeon Louis Greig, R.N., went with him.

## CHAPTER IV

### *War Service. In the Air Force*

**B**OTH Germany and France had been far ahead of Great Britain in perceiving the tremendous importance of aircraft in time of war. It was a German, the Graf von Zeppelin, who had brought to perfection the type of airship still bearing his name ; they were Frenchmen who had first flown the Channel and crossed the Alps by aeroplane. In this field, as in many others, John Bull was a slow starter but a good stayer.

In spite of the urging of a few lonely pioneers, the British Higher Command was curiously unresponsive. When the Great War crashed over Europe our Air Force, then called the Royal Flying Corps, was only two years old, and, small though it might be, it was divided between the Army and the Navy, the naval branch being known as the R.N.A.S., the Royal Naval Air Service. It contained only 272 machines, 197 officers, and 1600 other ranks. We had four aerodromes only, and the heaviest bombs we possessed were mere 20-pounders.

In January, 1915, however, our lethargy—for such it seemed—was rudely broken by the first Zeppelin raid on England. Between that date and August, 1918, fifty-two Zeppelin raids occurred on British soil, and nine raiders were brought down. Fifty-nine aeroplane raids took place, of which the last was in May, 1918.

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How thoroughly, though not, perhaps, promptly, the lesson had been learned is proved by the fact that when the War ended the Royal Air Force, embodying both the naval and military forces, possessed 22,171 machines, with a personnel of 27,906 officers, and 263,842 other ranks. In 199 training squadrons more than 30,000 pupils were then under instruction, and there seemed to be no danger that our mighty aerial navies would be handicapped by any shortage of competent airmen. The weight of the largest type of bomb had advanced from 20 to 3000 lb.

In these days, when travel by air is as commonplace and unexciting as travel by motor-car or railway train, when the drone of a 'plane causes hardly a single person to glance skyward, and when the neat blue pillar-boxes of the Air Mail are almost as familiar as the old scarlet pillar-boxes of the land mail, it is perhaps not very easy to realize that when, at the end of 1917, Prince Albert was appointed to Cranwell Air Station, there was still a large element of mystery, peril, and uncertainty involved in everything connected with service in the air. The types of the aeroplanes changed almost from day to day, as their range and power increased, and already they were very different from the quaint box-kite biplanes of only six or seven years earlier; but compared with the monoplanes of the present day they were still awkward and dangerous contrivances.

Prince Albert tackled his new duties with that steady and conscientious determination which had been noted as part of his character when he was at Osborne and Dartmouth, and later in the Navy. Although he was at first attached to Cranwell for executive duties only, and his career as a flying man did not begin at

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once, he immediately showed a keen practical interest in the mechanical and technical side of the work. In April, 1918, his branch, the R.N.A.S., was absorbed into the newly created R.A.F., and he was one of the first batch of naval men to be switched over from the Air Service to the Air Force.

During the summer of 1917, when spending some time ashore, Prince Albert was already showing interest in the 'air arm,' and in July he accompanied his father and mother on a tour of inspection of the anti-aircraft guns which were then doing their best to defend London from the unwelcome attentions of Zeppelins and Gothas. More amusing, and perhaps hardly less instructive, was the baseball game at Chelsea on the 'Glorious Fourth' of the same month, when the U.S. Navy defeated the U.S. Army amid scenes of indescribable excitement, in the presence of King George, Queen Mary, Alexandra the Queen Mother, and Prince Albert. "The uproar," wrote an eye-witness, "was tremendous. Englishmen cheered, Americans yelled, instruments of various kinds brayed a raucous din." The difference between the English cheers and the American yells was not so much one of volume or energy, as of intelligence. The yells proceeded from a close and practical acquaintance with every phase of the complicated game; the cheers were the result rather of a sort of instinctive imitation, accompanied by a friendly desire to join in.

Six months after he reported for duty at Cranwell, Prince Albert was among the R.A.F. cadets inspected by his father in what *The Times* discreetly described as "an English town somewhere near the sea." Those were the days when, for fear of conveying useful information to the enemy, careful newspapers avoided

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definite geographical statements of any kind, and the safely vague term 'somewhere' was worked to death. The 'town by the sea' was Hastings, made famous long since by the events of 1066 'and all that'; and the body of cadets inspected was known as the No. 5 Cadet Wing. From a temporary platform, covered with green almost matching the crisp Sussex turf and surmounted by a flagstaff flying the Royal Standard, King George watched thousands of athletic young men, wearing khaki uniforms of drill, with shorts instead of trousers, and carrying rifles and bayonets, while they performed complicated evolutions with great precision. Their squadron-officers, of whom Prince Albert was one, wore darker uniforms, and led them in the impressive march-past, swinging their right arms in the approved Air Force fashion, and marching with the short, brisk step affected by that young but enthusiastic body of men.

Presently, on the flank of a neighbouring hill, a large mass of cadets grouped themselves so as to form a huge khaki flag, with the letters R.A.F. beneath it. Then, suddenly, the sober khaki was transformed into the brilliant colours of the Force—red, blue, and silver grey. The change was effected by every cadet swiftly removing his overcoat. The whole crowd had been arranged in groups according to the colours of their singlets, which were, of course, the three colours of the R.A.F., and the result was almost like the last scene in a pantomime. Keeping time and position perfectly, the living flag, with its initials beneath it, vanished over the brow of the hill.

A month before the War ended Prince Albert went to France, where he served on the staff of General Sir Hugh (now Lord) Trenchard, and spent most of

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his active life at Nancy, with the Independent Air Force. He had made many flights as a passenger, but his serious training for a pilot's certificate was not undertaken till early in 1919. In the meantime, he had taken part in a historic event which no one who witnessed it is likely ever to forget—the triumphal return to Brussels of King Albert of the Belgians and his great-hearted consort, Queen Elizabeth, after four years of exile. Wearing the uniform of an officer in the R.A.F., the young English namesake of the Belgian King took part in the triumphal entry, and, later in the same day, was present in the Belgian Chamber when the restored sovereign delivered his memorable speech from the Throne.

The young airman-prince went to Brussels as the official representative of his Royal father. Many State ceremonies lay ahead of him. Wearing the blue uniform of the R.A.F. and surmounted by that headgear, more curious than impressive, which Mr Winston Churchill is said to have designed, his figure became a familiar one to the onlookers at public and Royal functions in Britain. But early in 1919 his duties took him out of the limelight, when, after spending Christmas on the staff of Sir Hugh Salmond at Spa, in Belgium, he resumed his training for his pilot's certificate. He received his first lessons at the St Andrée Aerodrome, some forty-five miles from Boulogne, and his special machine, an Avro biplane, type 504, after being built at Hamble, near Southampton, was flown across the Channel by the officer who had been chosen to instruct him.

On his return to England in the month of February, the Prince continued to receive instruction at the Wallington Aerodrome, where he was frequently

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visited, and accompanied on flights, by his brother, the Prince of Wales. In May he flew over London in a D.H. 9 'plane piloted by Lieutenant King, following the tortuous course of the Thames as far as Dartford, and making a sweeping curve round the Joyce Green Aerodrome. He was at that time attached to the No. 29 (Training) Squadron, from which he passed out as a pilot, Category A, "with effect from July 28, 1919." It was said that the mechanics at the aerodrome always showed a cheerful alacrity to overhaul and tune up the machine in which it became known that "Bertie was going up."

Like many other young officers, the airman-prince found himself, when the War ended, transferred from the cockpit of a 'plane to a desk in an office. The 'office' in this particular instance was the headquarters of the Air Ministry, then a scene of extreme activity, though the time was as yet seventeen years distant when the Air Estimates for a single year would total £39,000,000. Addressing the Civil Service Association the Prince remarked, on a subsequent occasion, that he had made so many changes during so short a period that he felt like a buff slip, one of those buff slips familiar to all who work in Government departments, marked, "Passed to you for action, please."

All knowledge is useful, especially to men in high places, and to a king's son this inside acquaintance with the functioning of an important Ministry could hardly fail to be of practical and enduring service. 'Red tape' may be tiresome sometimes, especially to restless minds, but rightly used it is valuable in holding things together. The Prince at the end of his probation knew all about it, and knew, too, under what

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conditions the servants of the State live and work in a great Government office.

In August, 1919, he was promoted Squadron Leader, but that promotion was the last during his active career. All subsequent promotions—and they were many, in the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force—were automatic, the result of his princely rank. If executive duties were attached to all the honorific titles conferred upon a prince, his life would be more complicated than that of Pooh Bah in *The Mikado*—except that he is *never* made an Archbishop—of Titipu, or anywhere else.

In the spring of 1919 Prince Albert became President of the Boys' Welfare Association, soon to blossom out into the Industrial Welfare Society. We shall speak in another place at greater length of his interest in this Society, but here it is necessary to touch upon the earliest public manifestations of that interest, as it was at this stage in his career that they occurred. It is difficult to realize that only a hundred years earlier such preoccupations on the part of a royal personage, or, indeed, on the part of any Person of Quality (as they were once called) would have been regarded as curious even to the point of eccentricity. True, the sons of George III lent the support of their ducal names to various charitable enterprises, and even made speeches in public commending the activities of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and other pious undertakings; it is true, too, that slavery had been abolished in the British Empire in 1807. But it was a hundred years before Prince Albert associated himself with the Industrial Welfare Society that an Act was passed, *applying to cotton mills only*, prohibiting the employment of children under nine years of age, and



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limiting the working day of child-workers under sixteen to twelve hours, exclusive of meal times. The exploitation of small boys and girls, some of them hardly more than infants, by unscrupulous employers was a national disgrace to which the great majority of the nation seemed to be smugly indifferent. Little boys were chained to coal-wagons in mines and made to haul them for weary miles through galleries so low that they could progress only on 'all-fours'; other little boys, hardly less unfortunate, were sent up chimneys in which they sometimes lost themselves or were choked to death, any reluctance on their part being met with merciless thrashing, or with flames from a heap of straw kindled beneath their bare, sooty feet.

Even when, very slowly and hesitatingly, the conscience of the nations had begun to stir, much still remained to be done. Josiah Bounderby, in Charles Dickens's dreary novel, *Hard Times*, expresses the sentiments of the worst type of employer when he declares angrily that, "There's not a Hand in this town, sir—man, woman, or child—but has one ultimate object in life. That object is to be fed on turtle soup and venison with a gold spoon." In short, people who asked for rights were thought to be demanding privileges, and an appeal for a reasonable standard of comfort was dismissed as being a claim to wild and inappropriate luxury.

Such a distorted point of view had long been obsolete when, almost on the morrow of the ending of the Great War, a group of "men of good will" banded themselves together into the Boys' Welfare Association. "There is," as Shakespeare truly remarked, "some soul of goodness in things evil," and

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it was actually during the War that the foundations of this excellent organization were laid. The Ministry of Munitions set up a special department to deal with the vast mass of new industrial problems brought into being by the sudden expansion of this particular industry, and placed it under the direction of Mr B. S. Rowntree, a member of a well-known family of Quaker philanthropists. A special section to deal with the employment of lads and young boys was entrusted to the Rev. R. H. Hyde, whose enthusiasm for the work would not brook the idea that when the munitions factories in due course closed down the welfare of the younger employees would cease to be regularly supervised. From these beginnings grew the Industrial Welfare Society as we see it to-day. They were modest beginnings, but full of promise. The support of Sir Robert Baden Powell was at once forthcoming, and when the original Association developed into a large and well-organized Society, its original President, Prince Albert, went with it all the way. It is not generally known, but Mr Hyde has recently revealed, that it was H.M. Queen Mary who suggested that the activities of the Association should be extended so as to include *all* industrial workers. Within a few months of its inception, a well-informed correspondent wrote to *The Times* that the Prince had devoted very earnest attention to this work, and in general had shown "a disposition to get down to the heart of things." His regular attendance at the meetings of the Council and his helpful share in the discussions are also mentioned with appreciation.

In the early summer of the same year the Prince-President (to borrow a title borne for a time by Napoleon III) visited Messrs McVitie & Price's biscuit

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works at Harlesden, in Middlesex, and asked a large number of questions, especially in relation to the younger employees of the firm. As a seafaring man he would take a particular interest in ship's biscuits, by that time immune from the unwelcome attentions of the biscuit-weevil. King George V, looking back on his early days as a sailor, once laughingly remarked that he and his fellow-middies had been wont to bang their biscuits on the mess-tables in order to "knock the weevils out," and it is incidentally evidence of the extreme hardness of the biscuits that they were not shattered in the process ; but during the Great War Government scientists applied themselves to the task of tracking the weevil to his lair, and as the result of their discoveries succeeding generations of sailors and soldiers will bang their biscuit-ration in vain—not one of the 30,000 different species of the *Rhynchophora* family will emerge.

The Prince-President's next visit of inspection was to the motor-cycle works of Messrs J. A. Prestwich & Company at Tottenham. On this occasion, and on many subsequent occasions, Major Louis Greig accompanied him. Great advances had been made in the construction of the motor-cycle, which had proved itself a most serviceable 'mount' for dispatch-riders in wartime. The earlier type were seldom of more than 3 or 4 h.p., had a battery ignition, a fixed gear, and a belt drive ; but now the h.p. might be anything up to 10 or more, the belt drive was being replaced by the chain drive, and many models were fitted with two-, three-, and even four-speed gear-boxes, with clutch and kick-starter.

Within a year of his visit to Messrs Prestwich's works Prince Albert was himself riding a motor-cycle

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—on his way to and from lectures at Trinity College, Cambridge.

The next industrial expedition upon which Major Louis Greig accompanied the Prince was to the Deptford works of Messrs Braby & Company, where they were shown the whole process of galvanizing iron and steel. Deptford, though not now a picturesque spot, could hardly fail to interest a sailor prince, for here were formerly the shipyards where ships for the Royal Navy were built, and here the royal yachts of Charles II and James, Duke of York, were usually kept. It was here, too, that Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Francis Drake on his return from his voyage round the world, and knighted him on the deck of his ship, the *Golden Hind*.

## CHAPTER V

### *Cambridge*

ON October 10, 1919, two fair-haired young men might have been observed drawing near the ancient city of Cambridge. This sounds like the opening sentence of an old-fashioned historical romance, and if one could have added that the travellers were on horseback the resemblance would be more striking still. In prosaic fact, however, they were travelling by car. They were Prince Albert, with his younger brother, Prince Henry, on their way to begin their studies at Trinity College.

The rivalry between the two venerable Universities of Oxford and Cambridge goes back almost as far as they do themselves. King Alfred has been claimed—a little wildly—as the founder of Oxford. On the other hand, a pious son of Cambridge once set out to prove that in the year 624 Pope Honorius I, *himself a Cambridge man*, granted a Bull to his former University! We see traces of the rivalry in the *Canterbury Tales* of Geoffrey Chaucer, where the red-bearded Miller tells a tale, making fun of an Oxford clerk, or scholar, and the blue-cloaked Reeve retorts by telling a tale in which two Cambridge clerks are made to look ridiculous. In solid truth, both Universities came into existence in the thirteenth century, Oxford being slightly the older.

The influences, Royal and intellectual, which helped to give colour and form to medieval Oxford were slow

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in reaching Cambridge. Neither Roman road nor broad waterway connected it with London, and the Wash then formed a sort of inland sea with Cambridge at its southernmost edge, almost encircled with marsh, forest, and fen. Its geographical position gave to Cambridge a keen, practical, and independent character which it has never wholly lost. In later ages, Oxford, the City of Dreaming Spires, was Royalist and Tory ; Cambridge, Puritanical and Whiggish. At the present time there is hardly any discernible difference between them as regards political colour, but perhaps Oxford tends more to what are called *Litteræ Humaniores*—the humaner letters—to wit, the poetry and philosophy of ancient Greece and Rome, while Cambridge has a stronger attraction for men who wish to specialize in the more precise and scientific studies of mathematics, medicine, and economics.

The Prince of Wales had 'gone up' to Oxford early in 1912, but his academic career had been cut short by the outbreak of war, and when the time came for the King's second and third sons to go to a university, Cambridge was chosen. This choice may have been dictated by a prudent desire to 'keep the balance true,' as John Gilpin did with his bottles of wine, or it may have been influenced by the attention then being conspicuously paid at the younger University to such subjects as citizenship, modern history, and economics in relation to capital and labour.

Trinity College, upon whose 'boards' the names of the two Princes were entered, had been founded in somewhat peculiar circumstances by their distant kinsman, Henry VIII. That acquisitive monarch having laid violent hands upon all university property, Cambridge found herself in desperate financial straits and

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humbly petitioned Queen Katharine Parr to intercede with him. This she did, and the King, perhaps with a touch of compunction, perhaps—as the sands of his life were fast running out—with a touch of anxiety about his destination hereafter, resolved to found a college which should excel even the princely foundation of Christ Church, begun by Cardinal Wolsey and completed by himself, at Oxford.

To this end he merged into one two earlier 'Halls,' Michaelhouse and King's Hall—not to be confounded with King's College—and dedicated the new College thus formed to the Holy and Indivisible Trinity. Of course the original curriculum took no account of economics, or of any history later than that of Livy. According to the Founders' Statutes the 'disciples' (*i.e.*, undergraduates) and Fellows were never, except upon certain specified occasions, to speak their own language 'in Hall,' but they were kindly allowed to choose which of three ancient languages—Hebrew, Greek, and Latin—they *would* speak. A Fellow breaking this rule was fined a halfpenny, a disciple had to pay a farthing. One speculates as to whether the result was to make the Hall a very silent or a strangely clamorous place.

The young Princes who began their studies in those picturesque haunts in 1919 must have been glad, if they had heard of these sixteenth-century regulations, that in the twentieth century nobody was likely to enforce them. Obsolete, too, was the custom that on certain feast days every member of the College had to write a six-line poem in Greek, and one of the same length in Latin, "and post them up in Hall." Modern rules, such as those which prohibit smoking in cap and gown, or stirring out after dusk capless and gownless, must have seemed mild in comparison.



*Central Press Photo*

AN ACADEMIC INTERLUDE

AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1920





[Photo : Dorian Leigh, L

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Prince Albert was only one of a very large number of young naval men who, after the War, were sent to Cambridge "to continue their studies"—though how they could 'continue' in the cloistral atmosphere of a University those strenuous 'studies' begun on the high seas during active service it is a little difficult to imagine. This curious contrast was in the mind of Rudyard Kipling when he wrote :

They have piped the children off all the seas, from the  
Falkland to the Bight,  
And quartered them on colleges, to learn to read and  
write.

This was, of course, poetical exaggeration. The things these 'children' had to learn included 'reading' some remarkably stiff text-books and 'writing' some very complicated essays on subjects of which the very names sound dry and dull and uninteresting—to the uninitiated.

The Princes Albert and Henry did not take up their residence within the historic walls of Trinity. A large house called Southacre, rather more than a mile from the College, was rented, and there, with Major<sup>1</sup> and Mrs Louis Greig for their temporary 'parents,' they stayed while they were 'disciples.' The Greig children, a son and two daughters, added to the homely atmosphere of the place, and there was a garden which gave opportunities for the elder Prince to enjoy plenty good games of tennis with Major Greig.

The journey to and from Cambridge for lectures was performed sometimes on motor-cycles, sometimes on foot.

<sup>1</sup> Major Greig was knighted in 1932, but at this time he was simply 'Major,' not 'Sir,' Louis.

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Though Prince Albert's university career was even more brief than that of his elder brother, we have his own word for it that it was a very enjoyable chapter in his life. It was a chapter rather strangely and excitingly interrupted from time to time. Strangely—for what other undergraduate was ever called upon to dash to Dover at intervals of a few weeks in order to receive first the Shah of Persia, and then the President of the French Republic! The Prince of Wales being then absent upon a sort of triumphal progress through Canada and the United States, several of the duties which might have fallen to his lot were delegated to his brother. These ceremonious official visits from foreign potentates involve a great deal of hard work and mental strain for their Royal hosts. Amid the crash of gunfire salutes and the brazen blaring of national anthems, the guests must be met when they land. They must be welcomed suitably in London, presentations must be made, nobody being forgotten who might feel slighted if they were not remembered, guards of honour must be inspected, and then the short journey to Buckingham Palace must be faced, in a whirlwind of cheers and under a forest of flags. Banquets follow, and the store of suitable remarks, though limited, must not be allowed to run out.

The Shah whom Prince Albert welcomed at Dover was not his present Majesty of Persia, but a very large young gentleman whose expensive tastes afterwards got him into serious trouble, and who was finally deposed and sent into exile. As an acknowledgment of the part played by the Prince he bestowed upon him the Persian Order of Qutz, and thereby added yet another to the accumulating row of highly coloured ribbons upon his tunic. Barely a week later Prince Albert was back on

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the jetty at Dover to receive M. Raymond Poincaré, the President of the French Republic, and his wife, who then paid a formal visit to England by way of an epilogue to the Allied victory of the previous year. The Prince of Wales, far away in Washington, D.C., must have been grateful to the fate which permitted him to elude, without shirking his duty, much of the work which at this period fell to the share of his junior. They were true words written by an American journalist who said at this time that this Prince cared "very little for pomp and ceremony"; and it is also true that, regarded merely as a sort of mock-medieval pastoral play or charade, pomp and ceremony may seem meaningless and outmoded things. But there is another and—I think—a more just point of view, from which they are seen as 'outward and visible signs' of something well worth conserving—of tradition, of courtesy, of honour paid where honour is rightly due, and of the living fabric of history, changing, as all living fabric does, from year to year, and yet preserving an essential unity of colour and substance. This has always been the view held by the great majority of the British people.

Most thoughtful undergraduates at both Universities belong to their respective 'Unions.' These are societies designed to give opportunities to the politically minded to debate current questions, and to make trial flights upon their oratorical wings. Many men afterwards distinguished in public life made their mark first in the more limited but also more critical sphere of either the Oxford or the Cambridge Union, and to have been President of the Union at either University is a promising start for a Parliamentary career. Debates are modelled closely on those in the

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House of Commons, there are 'Government' and 'Opposition' benches, and a Speaker presides.

From time to time prominent politicians are invited to be the guests of the Union and to take part in the discussion on what is solemnly described as the Motion before the House. On February 25, 1920, the guest of honour was Mr Winston Churchill, and the Motion before the House was to the effect that "the Time was now Ripe for a Labour Government." Speaking against the Motion, Mr Churchill claimed that the Labour Party did not represent a fifth of the working classes of this country, and advanced several arguments in favour of his opinion that for a long time to come the state of 'Ripeness' in question would not be arrived at. He carried the House with him, only 265 votes being cast for the Motion, while 651 were recorded against it. The two young Princes were present, as well became students of politics and public affairs. The interest felt by the elder of the two in the subject of the debate must have been whetted by still-vivid recollections of the visit he had paid only two days earlier to the Cambridge Labour Exchange. There his guide had been one of the officials of the Ministry of Labour, and he had spent some time acquiring the fullest information about the system upon which the Exchange was run. Neither academic studies nor official engagements had interrupted his interest in Industrial Welfare, and he was now, in addition, President of King George's Fund for Sailors.

A decidedly alarming ordeal lay ahead of Prince Albert in the month of May, 1920. At the annual banquet of the Royal Academy it had long been the custom that, whenever possible, some member of the

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Royal Family should be present and should, so to speak, 'sing for his supper' by responding to the 'loyal toast.' The association between the Academy and the reigning house had been close and friendly ever since his admirable though not remarkably artistic Majesty, George III, had given it the title of 'Royal,' and in 1919 the Prince of Wales had been the guest of the President and Council at Burlington House. He was already a fairly well-practised public speaker, but his brother, with less experience, and with his voice still under less than perfect control, must have been uttering his feelings with absolute sincerity when he said :

At last year's Academy dinner the Prince of Wales expressed considerable diffidence in addressing so eminent an assembly. I can quite sympathize with him. My diffidence to-night almost amounts to trepidation.

I am divulging no secret in saying that those who have fulfilled the task I undertake this evening have found some difficulty in choosing subjects worthy of the honoured guests of the President and Council, who, in the terms of the Society's Charter, must be "persons in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of Art." In whatever degree I may fall short of these qualifications, I can assure you at any rate of my earnest endeavour to become a whole-hearted supporter of the Royal Academy. . . .

Encouraged with timely laughter and friendly cheers, the Prince, gaining assurance, went on to make a suggestion which showed that he had been giving earnest thought to what may be called Art in relation to the People. It also threw light on his interest in motoring, in rural history, and, with a homely touch,

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on his affection for the country round about his Norfolk home.

It would be presumption [he said] were I to tread even on the threshold of the Temple of Art ; but may I make a suggestion with regard to a minor branch of Art—that of sign-painting? The development of motor-travelling has brought back to our highways some of the importance that they enjoyed in the old coaching-days. I feel sure that many of my comrade motorists here to-night would welcome the revival of the village sign or emblem . . . a welcome guide to the visitor in a strange land. . . . I may mention that in the neighbourhood of Sandringham these village signs have been introduced with considerable success.

This suggestion of the Prince's attracted a good deal of attention, and it was certainly one both practical and imaginative in its conception. English place-names are full of delightful historical colour, and English designers and craftsmen are quite capable of producing village sign-boards at once attractive to the eye, interesting to the visitor, and serviceable to the motorist. The *Daily Mail* was so much excited that it organized a competition, followed by an exhibition, which the Prince himself opened later in the year. But the response, though it brought some excellent work to light, was less widespread and enthusiastic than had been hoped, and the idea languished, though it cannot be said to have perished utterly.

Let us return for a moment to Burlington House on the evening of May 2, 1920.

Later in the course of his speech the Prince said :

. . . In its small way the Industrial Welfare Society is trying to sharpen the faculties of the boys and girls

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in the workshops, and teach them another great art—that of keeping fit and of becoming players instead of spectators. But games, though the best levellers in life, and bringing out some of the finest qualities of the race, are not everything.

The artisan needs the help of the artist to exhilarate the mind and eye. . . . After all, the one big question of the day is the welfare of the people, and how to make them healthy, happy, and contented. Painters, sculptors, and architects have their responsibility in presenting scenes and portraits, monuments, memorials, buildings, in such a form as to inspire those who see them with greater powers of observation and sympathy, of enterprise and imagination.

In this same month of May the Imperial Air Fleet Committee gave a luncheon to the two aviators, Wing-Commander H. A. van Ryneveld and Flight-Lieutenant C. I. Q. Brand, who had made what was then—quite rightly—regarded as a very remarkable flight flown from London to the Cape by way of Cairo. Leaving Brooklands on February 5, they had reached Turin on the 6th, Sollum on the 9th, and Cairo on the 11th, only to crash at Korosko a day later. Resuming their flight, they were at Haifa on the 23rd, Mwanza on the 28th, and Buluwayo on March 6. Another crash when taking off two days later made it necessary for them to obtain a new machine, and in this they reached Cape Town on March 22. “A Famous Flight,” exclaimed the newspaper headlines, “*Night Passage of the Mediterranean.*” The Imperial Airways liners now take, on an average, nine days to accomplish this journey, but even now they do not habitually fly the Mediterranean during the hours of darkness.

At the luncheon given in honour of the two airmen



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Prince Albert made a short speech, stressing the importance of developing the air routes within the Empire.

This was the last public duty of any importance carried out by the Prince before the Birthday Honours of the year, issued on June 5, transformed him into Baron Killarney, Earl of Inverness, and Duke of York—a pleasing shamrock, thistle, and rose bouquet for his buttonhole.

In bestowing the Dukedom of York upon his second son King George V reverted to a custom initiated by Edward IV, who had himself borne the title for a few months after the death of his father, Richard, Duke of York, at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. The first Royal Duke of York was Edmund, fourth son of Edward III, the founder of the White Rose dynasty which, in the Wars of the Roses, ultimately overcame the Red Rose of Lancaster, and was merged with both Roses in the large person of Henry VIII; but the first Duke, who was also the second son of the Sovereign, was Richard, the younger of the two ill-starred Princes in the Tower. Henry VII's Welsh blood would not appear to have made him superstitious, for he conferred the dukedom on the second of the two sons borne to *him* by Elizabeth of York, the sister of the mysteriously eliminated Richard. That sturdy boy, the future Bluff King Hal, while yet his far-from-sturdy elder brother lived, was intended for the Church. Imagination staggers before the vision. No doubt Henry VIII would have been a happier, and probably a milder man, if *he* had had a second son on whom to bestow the title he had borne in his youth, but a disquieting dearth of young princes caused the dukedom to remain in abeyance till James I

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and VI, most learned and least majestic of monarchs, revived it in favour of his delicate little second boy, 'Babie Charles.' It was as 'Duke of York' that the future subjects of Charles I first became aware of his existence, but they were concentrating all their minds upon Henry, Prince of Wales, the Heir-Apparent, and if they knew that the younger boy was studious in his tastes, serious in his demeanour, and had an impediment in his speech, that was as much as they knew before the doomful day when Henry died, and Charles became Heir-Apparent in his stead.

Between 1612 and 1633 there was no Duke of York. Then Charles I bestowed the title on *his* second (surviving) son, the pink-cheeked little James, whose infant beauty consoled his mother, Henrietta Maria, for the swarthy looks of his elder brother, afterwards Charles II. No other Duke of York had a more eventful or calamitous career—a career which began with his romantic escape from St James's Palace, disguised as a girl; continued with creditable military service under Marshal Turenne in France; and reached its most honourable stage when, during his brother's reign, the Duke became Lord High Admiral, and, having twice commanded the English Fleet at sea in the Dutch War, threw himself with such zeal into naval administration on shore that he is still remembered at the Admiralty as one of the best administrators the Navy has ever had. Shipwreck, deposition, and exile ended the story.

Then for more than a decade the Dukedom of York was vacant. The Stuart dynasty died when 'Queen Anne was dead'—at least as far as Great Britain was concerned—and

George in pudding-time came o'er,

## *King George the Sixth*

to enjoy all the powers and privileges of a British monarch. One of these he exercised when he created his brother, Ernest Augustus, Duke of York. This uninteresting person died in 1728, two years after the birth of the small Stuart prince on whom the Old Pretender, James Francis Edward, conferred the empty title. In 1760, when George III's brother, Edward Augustus, received the dukedom, there were two Dukes of York, one in England and one in Italy ; one acknowledged by the Hanoverians, and one by the Jacobites ; and there continued to be two until Henry, Cardinal of York, died in 1807, and the direct line of the Stuart succession became extinct.

The brother and son of George III who successively bore the title were neither of them men of outstanding personality, though the former, unlike most of his family, showed a taste for the society of clever and cultivated people. The Duke of York who

had ten thousand men,  
And when he marched them up the hill  
He marched them down again,

was 'Farmer George's' second son, and filled for a time, without any distinction, the Commandership-in-Chief of the British Army. After his death in 1827 the dukedom once more fell into abeyance until in 1892 it was conferred upon the future George V.

Every new peer of the realm, whether of a new creation or 'new' because he has succeeded to his title on the death of an old peer, is compelled by custom solemnly to take his seat in the House of Lords, 'sponsored' by two members of the Upper House, who walk on either side of him as he marches slowly towards the Woolsack, where the Lord Chancellor

## Cambridge

welcomes him by raising the cocked hat which he has perched on the top of his wig in honour of the occasion.

On June 24, 1920, in the presence of his mother and sister, who looked down from the peeress's gallery, Prince Albert was introduced to the House of Lords. The procession was headed by Black Rod, Garter King-at-Arms, the Deputy Earl Marshal, and the Lord Great Chamberlain, and the new peer walked between his two sponsors, his great-uncle the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Northumberland.

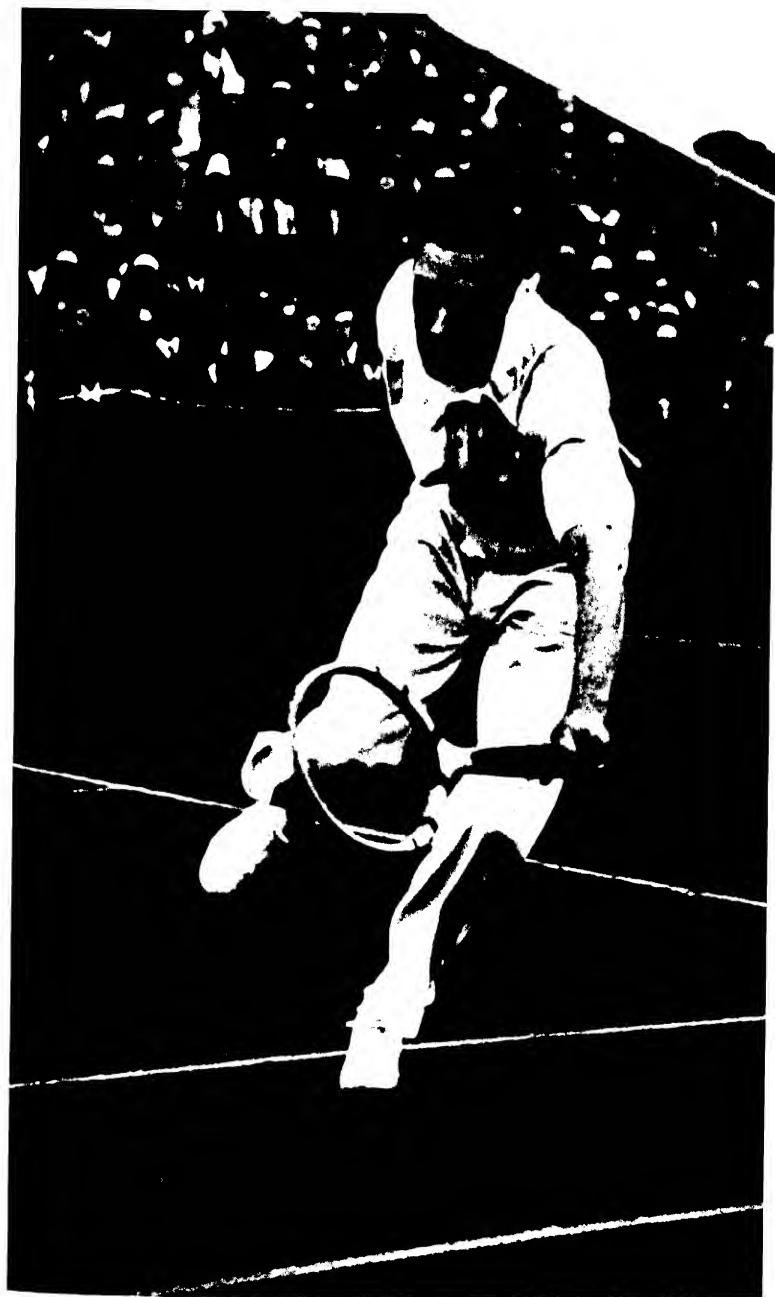
Ten days earlier the Duke of York had been in Cambridge, taking part in the last semi-public function of his brief scholastic career.

At the once somewhat prim and puritanical College of Emmanuel, the University of Cambridge in June, 1920, gave a dinner to certain distinguished men upon whom honorary degrees had just been conferred. Mr Lloyd George, then Prime Minister, and Mr Bonar Law, destined to succeed him four months later, were among the recipients of these degrees, and the Duke of York and Prince Henry were both of the company. In the course of a modest little speech the Duke remarked how sorry he was to think that this was nearly his last evening as an undergraduate at Cambridge. "He knew," he said, "how he had enjoyed himself, and how he had benefited by the liberal education he had received there." His Royal Highness was evidently using the word 'liberal' in the sense of broad-minded and progressive, for there is a sense in which it could not be used to describe an education which had not included in its scheme the 'humaner letters,' once considered indispensable.

"I should like," said the Duke, in conclusion,

## *King George the Sixth*

“to take this opportunity, on behalf of myself and my brother, of thanking all those with whom we have come in contact, from the Vice-Chancellor and masters and tutors, down to the proctor’s ‘bulldog,’ who once took 6s. 8d. out of me.”



AT WIMBLEDON IN 1926



" THE LADY ELIZABETH " IN 1

## CHAPTER VI

### *The Lady Elizabeth*

ONE of the first semi-official engagements which the Duke fulfilled after he came down from Cambridge was a visit to the ancient and historic capital of his dukedom. He stayed at Bishopthorpe Palace with the Archbishop of York, Dr Cosmo Gordon Lang, later Archbishop of Canterbury, and visited the magnificent Minster which is the pride of all Yorkshiremen and most Britons. Speaking some ten days later at a dinner given by the Society of Yorkshiremen in London, the Duke of York said he had been greatly impressed by the beauty of York. He had been interesting himself in an attempt to revive village signs. York needed no sign. From whichever side one approached by the road over the great plain the Minster stood up with its splendid and beautiful proportions.

Other journeys led him farther afield—first to Belgium, where, on behalf of the King his father, he decorated Albert, King of the Belgians, with the Distinguished Flying Cross and Burgomaster Max, the dauntless and indomitable wartime Mayor of Brussels, with the G.C.B.E., and later to Belgrade, where he acted as ‘koom,’ or ‘best man,’ at the wedding of the ill-starred King Alexander of Yugoslavia to the young Princess Marie of Roumania. One of his diplomatic duties in 1921 was to welcome Prince Hirohito, the Crown Prince (now the Emperor)



## *King George the Sixth*

of Japan on his state visit to this country, and also to receive him at Kenley Aerodrome, where an impressive and exciting display of fighting aircraft was held in his honour. A year later he was in Bucharest for the coronation of King Carol.

If we try to keep track of the Duke's activities during the two years immediately following his Cambridge interlude, we shall find him faithful in his attendance at the meetings of the Industrial Welfare Society ; unflagging in his practical interest in labour problems ; still keen on everything connected with the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force ; and keeping himself fit by playing lawn tennis, squash rackets, and polo. In 1920 he won the R.A.F. doubles in the Service Championships at Queen's Club, with Wing-Commander Louis Greig as his partner. Six years later the same pair played at Wimbledon, but were beaten in the Men's doubles by two very formidable players, A. W. Gore and Roper Barnett.

During the summer of 1921 was held the first of those boys' camps initiated by the Duke, which have since become an annual institution. We shall return to these camps in a later chapter. In the late autumn of the same year he was the guest of the Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne at Glamis<sup>1</sup> Castle, Forfar. His hostess, the Countess, was not well at the time of this, his second, visit, and the task of receiving and helping to entertain ' the Earl of Inverness ' fell to her youngest and only unmarried daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon.

There has probably been a Royal castle at Glamis ever since castles were built in Scotland, and Royal princes were pleased to dwell in them ; but, unlike

<sup>1</sup> Pronounced as a monosyllable, Glahms.

## *The Lady Elizabeth*

most Scottish baronial strongholds, this one stands not on a rock but in a wide plain. According to an ancient legend, the first builder of Glamis had begun to erect his castle upon the northern slope of one of the Sidlaw Hills, but every morning, to his consternation, the work of the previous day was found to have been demolished by invisible hands. Keeping watch one night, he heard a ghostly voice, which said :

Build the castle in a bog  
Where 'twill neither shake nor shog !

Obeying this doggerel advice, he chose, instead of the bare hillside, the 'Strath mor' or 'Great Plain' from which the later lords of the castle took their name. A 'bog' is hardly a just description of this tract of land where lovely wildflowers abound—woodruff, herb-bennet, bugle, marjoram, stonecrop, speedwell, and myrrh.

The inner part of the castle dates back to the eleventh century, when Malcolm II, King of Scots, is said to have been done to death within its grim walls, but the greater part of the existing building belongs to the early seventeenth century, when Scottish nobles delighted in adorning their stern ancestral fortress-homes with those Frenchified towers and turrets which are so suggestive of palaces as depicted in fairy-tales.

All hail, Macbeth ! Hail to thee, Thane of Glamis !

The connexion between the real Macbeth and the castle of his thanedom may be almost as 'fantastical' as Shakespeare's witches themselves, but Glamis is a storehouse of authentic and often most picturesque history. The thane who held it in the middle years

## *King George the Sixth*

of the fourteenth century paid 'rent' to King David II in the shape of a red falcon, "delivered yearly at the feast of Pentecost." Not long after King Robert II erected the thanedom into a barony, and bestowed it on Sir John Lyon, the husband of his daughter, Princess Jean Stuart, but it was not until the middle of the seventeenth century that the ancestor of the present Lord Strathmore was created by Charles I "Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, Viscount Lyon and Baron Glamis, Tannadyce, Sidlaw, and Strathdichtie."

Nothing is lacking to make Glamis the ideal castle of legend and romance. Ancient armour and dim tapestries adorn its walls. Traditions of secret rooms and family mysteries haunt them. Sir Walter Scott stayed here in 1793, and was conducted to a bedroom in a distant part of the building. "I must own," he says, "that when I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself as too far from the living and somewhat too near the dead."

Through her descent from Robert II, son of Walter the Steward, or 'Stuart,' of Scotland, the Lady Elizabeth was a kinswoman of the young Duke to whom she showed Sir Walter Scott's bed, Prince Charlie's watch, boots, and saddle, and other of the historic treasures of the castle. They had met first at a children's party in London some twenty years earlier—a meeting which recalls that of Dante and Beatrice at a children's party in Florence seven hundred years before, except that in the later instance the sequel was all that a writer of fairy romances could desire.

It was not in grim old Glamis but in the red brick



*Central Press Photo*

AT BALMORAL IN 1924



*Central Press Photos*

DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, GLAMIS

## *The Lady Elizabeth*

Queen Anne manor-house of St Paul's Waldenbury, Hertfordshire, that Lady Elizabeth was born, and spent the greater part of her uneventful and happy childhood. Her earliest lessons were given by her mother, who, through her descent from the third Duke of Portland, could trace her pedigree back to one of the most charming and delightful English ladies of the eighteenth century, Margaret Cavendish Harley, addressed in her childhood by the poet Prior as

My noble, lovely little Peggy.

Official governesses followed, French and German, and instructresses in the gay and graceful arts of music and dancing, but Lady Elizabeth never went to a boarding-school, and two terms at a day school in London were the sum-total of her scholastic experience. As the constant companion of her mother, who excelled in gardening and embroidery, her education went steadily, if informally, forward until the outbreak of the Great War, when four of her brothers went to the Front and Glamis was turned into a hospital for wounded 'Tommies.' Too youthful to be trained as a nurse like her elder sister, Lady Rose, the youngest daughter of the castle, had to content herself with running errands, doing odd jobs, and being generally useful. Later she was District Commissioner of the local Girl Guides, and in that capacity once paraded her company smartly for the inspection of her friend, Princess Mary (now the Princess Royal), at whose wedding in 1922 she was one of the eight bridesmaids.

Long before that time a very large number of people were perfectly well aware that Princess Mary's second brother had fallen in love with her dark-haired Scottish

## *King George the Sixth*

friend, the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon. Then, in the *Court Circular* of January 15, 1923, appeared the following announcement :

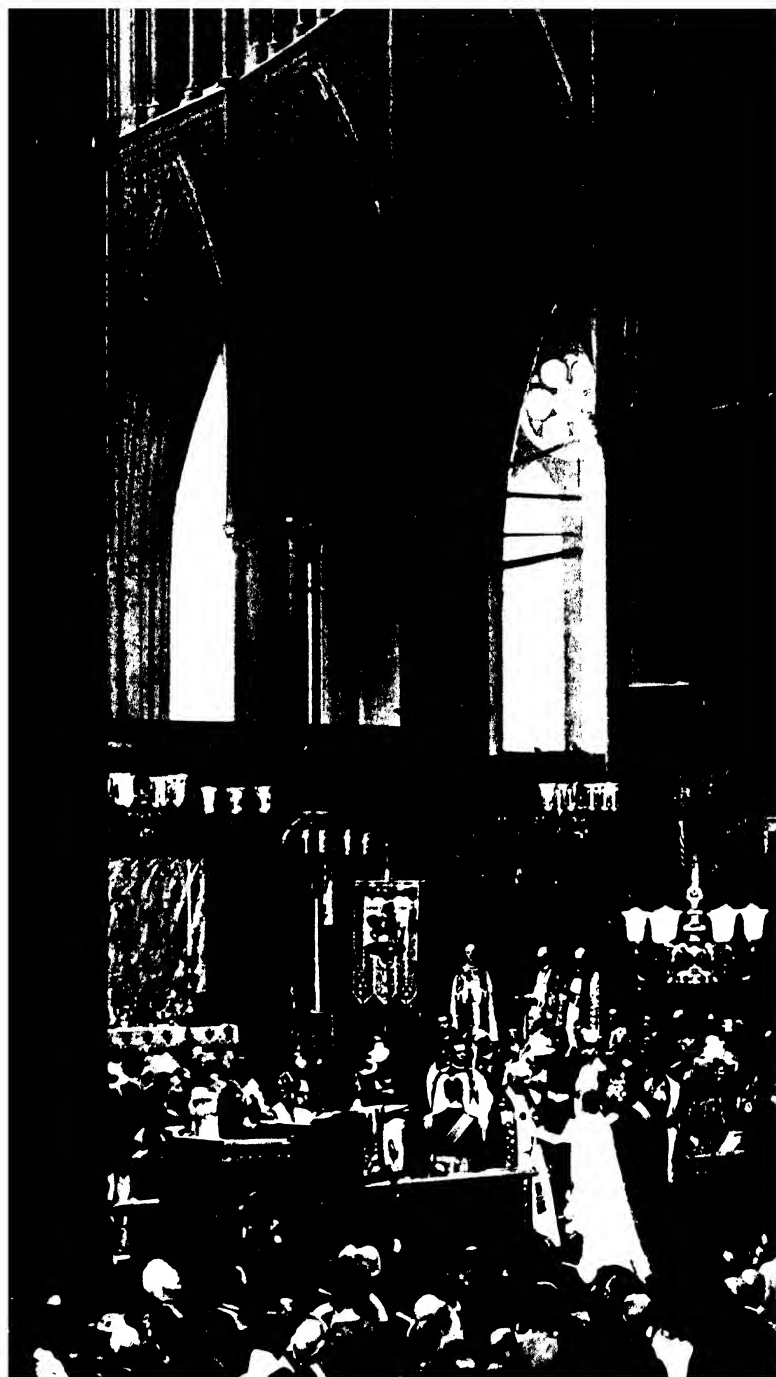
It is with the greatest pleasure that the King and Queen announce the betrothal of their beloved son, the Duke of York, to the Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore and Kinghorne, to which union the King has gladly given his consent.

To quote his own words, spoken at Glasgow a few weeks later, the Duke of York had had " the wisdom, the foresight, and the good fortune to have persuaded a Scottish lady to share his life."

At the wedding in Westminster Abbey on April 26, 1923, the Duke arranged that Boy Scouts and working lads to the number of fifty should be among the guests. A cheque for £2500 which he had received as a wedding gift was devoted entirely to entertaining poor children in certain large cities then suffering tragically from unemployment.

In the Abbey there was an unforgettable scene of splendour, a pageant of colour such as is seldom witnessed in this colourless age. The uniforms of naval and military officers, of Privy Councillors, Elder Brethren of Trinity House, and the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, gleamed and glittered against the rich Tudor raiment of the Yeomen of the Guard, and almost dimmed the many-hued dresses of the women-guests.

The bridegroom, in R.A.F. uniform, supported by his three brothers, the two elder in military—and the youngest in naval—uniform, seemed to be the least nervous of the little group as they advanced up the long nave of Westminster Abbey. Their grand-







## *The Lady Elizabeth*

mother, Queen Alexandra, a graceful, slender figure in black and violet ; their father, King George V, looking, as he always did, his kingliest in his admiral's uniform ; and their mother, Queen Mary, stately in cloth of silver, as they passed between the triple lines of guests bowed right and left in response to the respectful movement which made the company look like a meadow full of brilliant flowers swept by a sudden wind.

Then came the bride, engagingly small and youthful beside her very tall, upright father, who bent down with an encouraging smile as he led her towards the crimson-hung altar where her bridegroom awaited her. On the grave of the Unknown Warrior she had left her bouquet of white roses of York. Her eight bridesmaids carried posies of the same roses, and wore them, twined with myrtle, in their hair.

The two Archbishops—Canterbury and York—who performed the ceremony were both compatriots of the bride, and yet another Scottish prelate assisted—Dr Robberds, the Primus of the Episcopalian Church of Scotland.

So, once again, was sealed the historic union between the Thistle and the Rose.

In *Punch* the same week appeared a poem called "For an April Wedding," of which these are the last four stanzas : <sup>1</sup>

Shadow and storm are past ; young blossoms hide  
The grim old boughs that dark and lifeless were ;  
Joy comes with bright buds wreathed about her wand ;  
With lifted hand  
Hope beckons to her side  
All the fair shining dreams that follow her.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by courtesy of the Proprietors of *Punch*.

## *King George the Sixth*

Across dim aisles where singing children move  
And through rich-blazoned panes they shine to-day,  
    Bending the benediction of their light  
        From heaven's height  
    On golden Youth and Love,  
While quivering bells exult in belfries grey.

For Youth and Love walk hand in hand along  
    The April way ; and surely as they pass  
The stern world pauses for a little space,  
    With gentler face,  
    To listen to the song  
Borne o'er the daisy-silvered Abbey grass.

O Youth and Love, the springtime is your own ;  
    Far off and half-incredible winter seems ;  
    May it be long before your garden lose  
        Its summer hues,  
    And when its leaves are brown  
May spring dwell in your hearts, with all her dreams !  
D. M. S.

## CHAPTER VII

### *Imperial Missions*

IN July, 1924, the Duke and Duchess of York visited Northern Ireland, and were everywhere received with that emphatically loyal sentiment which is there an historic heritage. It was noticed that the Duke's stammer was less pronounced, and also that the resulting shyness was passing off. Increasingly it was realized that to a Royal envoy a wife was an invaluable asset.

Five months later, again accompanied by the Duchess, the Duke went on a trip, partly official and partly sporting, to East Africa. He was armed with rifles, fishing-rods, golf-clubs, polo-sticks, tennis rackets—and a ciné-camera. At Mombasa, where he had his first glimpse of the picturesque scenes and characters of the country, the lateen-sailed *dhows* in the harbour, the quaintly twisted baobab trees in the gardens, the rickshaws in the streets, and the dazzling, jostling crowds of Arabs, Indians, Africans, and Europeans, he must surely have wished that, instead of talking politely to persons in authority, he could have kept the handle of his movie-machine turning almost without a pause. The most exciting of these early impressions would be the dance of the Kikuyu stilt-walkers, wearing gilt diadems stuck with flaring candles.

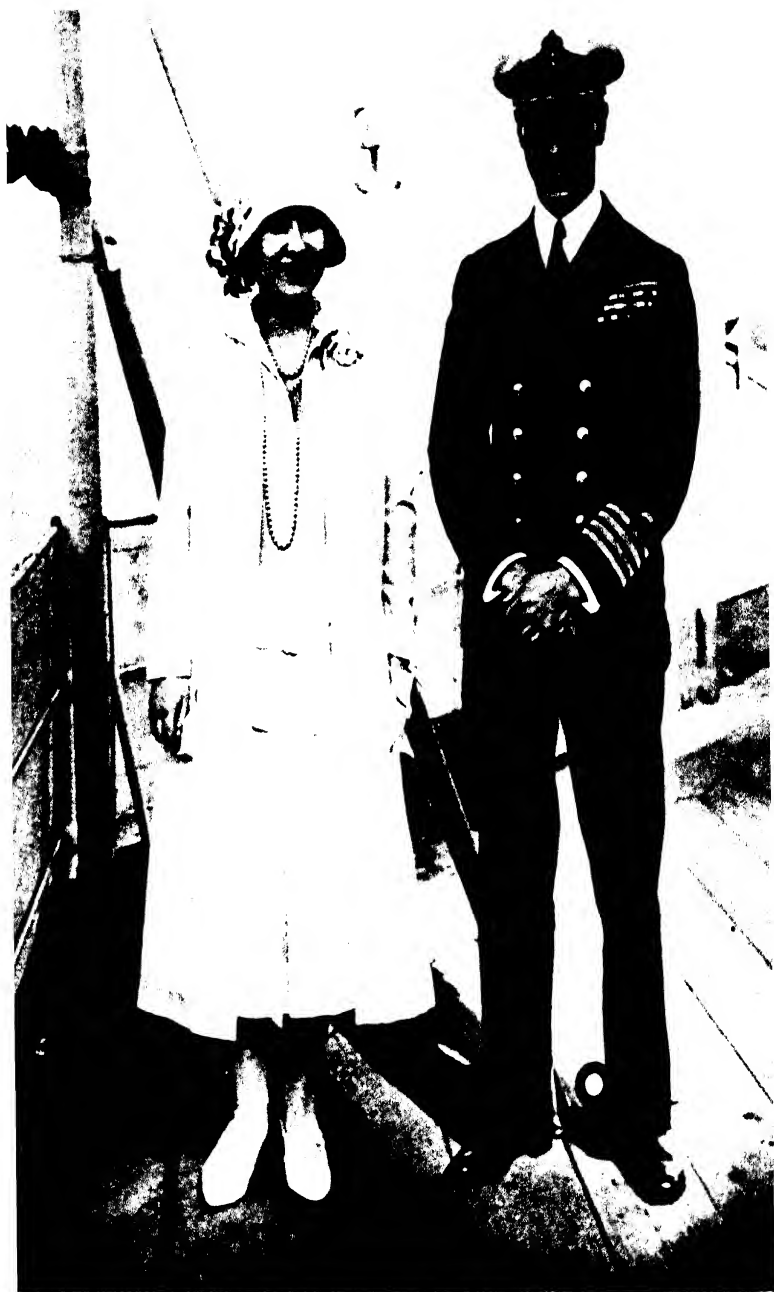
During the voyage the usual charade-like ceremonies had been observed during the crossing of the

## *King George the Sixth*

Equator, but Father Neptune and his scaly sea-monsters must have paled into insignificance before these dancers, and I am inclined to think that even being lathered with a bill-sticker's brush, shaved with a vast wooden razor, and tipped into a tank might be a less gruelling ordeal than receiving the homage and the miscellaneous offerings of hordes of yelling though loyal tribesmen, clad in grass kilts and feathers, and moving to the maddening throb of many drums.

Christmas was spent at Nairobi, where the Duke opened a new city park, and one of the loyal offerings was a prayer-book printed in the Kiswahili dialect.

Immediately after Christmas the party moved to a shooting-camp in a district where lions abounded, and elephants were not unknown. The total 'bag' included a lion and a lioness, two rhinoceroses, two buffaloes, and a number of smaller game with such quaint names as dik-dik, impala, gerenuk, and lesser kudu. There was also fishing in the river Uaso Nyiro. These sporting trips were only interludes in a series of official functions, which were certainly less prosaic than such occasions are wont to be in colder zones. At Nairobi chiefs and headmen, daubed with paint and gorgeous in plumes and skins, declared their fealty to the throne and received, each one, an ebony staff surmounted by a silver rose of York. At Buganda, the Duke and Duchess attended the 'Lukiko,' or native Parliament, when all the 'M.P.s' knelt while their 'Kabaka,' or chieftain, was invested with the insignia of a Knight Commander of St Michael and St George. This Kabaka, an enlightened ruler, who spoke excellent English, did not appear in a grass kilt but in stately flowing robes. In front of his fez-shaped head-dress was a magnificent aigrette.



*Central Press Photo*

ABOARD H.M.S. "RENOWN"



IN THE SOUTH SEAS

AT SUVA, 1911, IN 1927

## Imperial Missions

At the review and sham-fight of warriors which next took place, the 'general' in command was attended by one of his wives, bearing a jar of native beer poised on her head, while another wife stood by with a pannier of suitable refreshments. Any film-goer who has seen *Sanders of the River* can imagine without much difficulty what such a sham-fight looks—and sounds—like. The frenzied rolling of the great war-drums is not soon forgotten, and the effect of the crimson and purple wigs sported by some of the warriors is said to be exceedingly gay. At Kadok the visitors saw the famous and terrifying 'lion-dance,' performed by tribesmen wearing the masks and tails of lions.

The Duke pushed up the Sonso River in quest of elephant, and the Duchess, whose early training on the salmon rivers of Scotland now stood her in good stead, enjoyed some fishing at Bugungu. Then they went together on another trip, in the course of which the Duke, attended by only one white and one native hunter, 'bagged' an elephant, a lion, and a fine rhinoceros. The skull of the 'rhino' was presented to the Natural History Museum, where London school-children can see it to this day, but when the Duchess heard that these harmless, humorous-looking beasts were getting scarce, she decided not to make use of the permit she had received to shoot one, a decision heartily approved of in Uganda.

Formal duties included inspections of *askaris*, the smart native troops with trim fezes, drill uniforms, neatly rolled puttees—and bare feet; and informal pleasures included crossing Lake Victoria Nyanza in a small boat, seeing the source of the Nile at Jinja, and walking through the Semliki valley which, according to ancient tradition, was the spot where King Solomon's



## *King George the Sixth*

hunters caught the elephants whose tusks formed part of his gifts to the inquiring Queen of Sheba. On their way down the Nile to Khartum the visitors turned aside to see the great dam at Sennar, a triumph of British engineering, and at that time the largest dam in the world.

In April the Duke and Duchess were home again. The Prince of Wales, far away in West Africa, was not there to meet them when they arrived by the same boat-train that brought the M.C.C. cricket team returning from Australia, the scene of the next Empire tour undertaken by the Duke and Duchess themselves.

In 1900, some seven months before her death, Queen Victoria gave her assent to an Act establishing the national capital of the Australian continent in a city not yet built, on a site not yet chosen. Delays and discussions followed, the Great War thrust all such undertakings on one side, but finally, in 1920, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of Canberra, in an amphitheatre of wooded hills, 2000 feet above sea-level, watered by the rivers Cotter, Molonglo, and Queyanbayan. By the spring of 1927—only it was autumn in the Antipodes—the Parliament House of the Federal Government was so far towards completion that the Commonwealth was able to ask the Duke of York to open both the building itself and the first Session to be held in its infant walls. The name Canberra, pronounced with the emphasis on the first syllable, is an aboriginal name, and undoubtedly more melodious than the name of a rival site which once seemed more likely to be selected—Tumut.

When the Duke and Duchess set sail aboard *H.M.S. Renown* for the other side of the world, they had to leave behind them their small daughter, born

## Imperial Missions

in April, 1926. A six months' absence just when she was at the most amusing and engaging stage of her babyhood must have been a very real sacrifice on their part, but Royal fathers and mothers, unlike the more obscure variety, are not always free to say where they will go, or when, or for how long.

The *Renown*, which had twice been chosen to convey the Prince of Wales overseas, was now carefully overhauled, tuned up, and beautified. Fresh coverings of blue chintz were provided for her after-cabin, and that "she should have music wherever she went" was ensured by the presence on board of the band of the Royal Naval School of Music, a drum and fife band, and sixteen marine buglers. Her commander, Captain N. A. Sullivan, like her Royal passenger, had fought at Jutland.

In this short chapter it is not possible to trace in any detail the course, and the events, of this arduous tour, during which the Duke and Duchess crossed the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, touched "almost the most northerly" and "nearly the most southerly" points of the Empire, and circled the globe. We can pause only for a moment at only a few of the episodes which marked it.

Jamaica the Duke had already visited in his *Cumberland* days, but the Panama Canal was unknown territory, and an added thrill was lent by the vividly arrayed natives waving from the palm-shadowed banks, and the drowsy crocodiles snoozing in the shallows. When the 'line' was crossed, Neptune's herald duly boarded the *Renown*, and indulged in a fearsome though unexpectedly literary pun :

Now is the winter of our discontent  
Made glorious Summer by this Son of York !

## King George the Sixth

Ceremonies performed on the previous voyage were regarded as of no moment. The Duke was duly lathered, shaved, and ducked, before being invested with the copper collar of the Order of the Old Sea Dog. In acknowledging the honour, he remarked that he hoped he would always be found worthy to hold the "Order of the Hound, Marine and Ancient." Members of his suite received Orders varying from that of the Flattened Kipper to that of the Tainted Haddock. The Duchess was given the Order of the Golden Mermaid, complete with badge.

The *Renown* reached Nukahiva in the Marquesas Islands a day ahead of her scheduled time. In this quaint spot, familiar to readers of Herman Melville's *Typee*, the visitors were entertained by a native dance in which stamping and grunting played an important part. At Suva, in Fiji, the next port of call, they drove after dark to Government House escorted by Fijian runners, six on either side, bearing blazing torches. The *Renown* was refreshed with 2000 tons of oil, and her distinguished passengers were regaled with the local beverage, *kava*. Let us hope that this curious drink was not prepared in the old traditional way—from the root of the plant *Piper metbysticum*, chewed between the teeth of young maidens, and then mixed with coco-nut milk! The taste is said to resemble a mixture of rhubarb and magnesia, so it is with surprise, mingled with admiration, that we read how the Duke drank to the dregs the bowl ceremonially presented to him. This was, of course, the courteous and kingly thing to do, but the effort must have been great.

Before the *Renown* set sail for New Zealand a choir of exiled Scotsmen circled round her in a launch,



*Central Press*

"WE TURN TO-DAY A NEW PAGE OF HISTORY"  
OPENING THE FIRST FEDERAL PARLIAMENT AT CANBERRA, IN 1927



[Central Press Photos, Ltd.]

"GUY DIRECT"

## Imperial Missions

loudly chanting "auld Scots sangs" in honour of their countrywoman, the Lady Elizabeth.

On February 22 the Royal party landed in Auckland, and began a strenuous month of sight-seeing, speech-making, and all the other activities which complicate a Royal tour. The famous Geyser Valley at Rotorua was visited, and after a pause, as if the spirits that dwelt in the boiling craters were coy or bashful, a magnificent display of foaming and steaming waters was forthcoming. Here Maori chieftains, wearing cloaks of kiwi feathers over lounge suits, and brandishing walking-sticks and umbrellas instead of spears, danced the traditional 'dance of welcome.' Sir Maui Pomare, the Maori statesman, amused the visitors with the native legend that the North Island was originally a gigantic fish hooked out of the sea by a Maori god, a fish which by its floundering heaved itself into those mountain ridges that are a characteristic feature of the New Zealand landscape.

The part of the tour which the Duke probably enjoyed best was the journey from the mining-town of Greymouth, through the Otira Gorge, across the Canterbury plain, "where the lamb comes from," to Christchurch. He was allowed first to drive an electric locomotive through the five-mile-long Otira tunnel and then to 'skipper' a steam locomotive for fifteen delightful miles. Although the railway gauge was only 3 feet 6 inches he knocked a good 52 m.p.h. out of his engine, and waved a grimy hand clutching a wad of engine-cleaner's cotton-waste at the wayside crowds who had expected him to be in the observation car at the rear of the train.

On March 26 the *Renown* entered the famous and beautiful harbour of Sydney, and the Royal pilgrims

## *King George the Sixth*

stepped for the first time upon the shore of the largest island in the world, where they were to spend six crowded weeks. Here was a country full of new things to see and to hear. Here were blue gum trees, golden wattles, crimson waratahs, and dark cypress-pines ; here were strange, incredible beasts, the platypus and the echidna, the wallaby, the wombat, the bandicoot, the flying squirrel, and, most engaging of all, the little koala bears with their fluffy grey bodies and black snub noses. Among birds here were the emu and the cassoway, the kookaburra, or ' laughing jackass,' and parrots of every imaginable and unimaginable hue.

Speaking to the representatives of forty-seven official bodies in New South Wales, the Duke of York said :

We desire to learn for ourselves all that we can about your State, its agriculture, industries, and the way in which the people work and live. In particular all social activities which seek to minister to the needs of women and children lie close to the heart of the Duchess.

This desire must surely have been fulfilled during the weeks that followed.

Crossing the famous Toowomba Hills, they saw the great stock farms, with the prize cattle grazing in the deep autumn grass. In Queensland they attended a Corroborree, and witnessed not only the Australian cowboys' version of a Rodeo, but demonstrations of boomerang-throwing and fire-making by painted aborigines fearsome to behold. \*

In the lovely island of Tasmania, by way of a respite from speech-making, hand-shaking, and listening to loyal addresses, the Duke and Duchess went for a morning ride, in the course of which they met a herd

## *Imperial Missions*

of "old man kangaroos," the largest type, which galloped in front of them for some distance, before disappearing into the bush. At Melbourne, 'a strenuous time was had by all,' and in addition to the inevitable round of reviews, parades, and inspections, the Duke went to the races, was installed as an Honorary LL.D. of Melbourne University, and found himself the centre figure in a high-spirited students' 'rag.' Apostrophized as "Dear old Bertie," and exhorted to give kind messages to "the Old Man and the Missus," he was conducted round the University grounds in an open landau, surrounded by students in every variety of fancy dress, and compelled to repeat an oath according to which he would at all times supply his less fortunate fellow-students with cigarettes and beer.

The Leader of the Labour Opposition in the House of Representatives, in the course of a speech at a Commonwealth dinner-party, declared that the feelings of Australians towards the Royal Family had, if anything, increased in warmth, as a result of the visit of the Duke and Duchess.

"I remember you kindly," said Mr Charlton, turning to the Duke, "because of an incident at Newcastle, when you and the Duchess arrived there. Rain was falling heavily, and thousands had stood in the rain awaiting your arrival. In spite of the rain, you dropped the hood of your car. . . . That action was very much appreciated."

At Adelaide two thousand 'Diggers'—Australian ex-Service men—gave the Duke and Duchess a rousing welcome, with musical honours, and sent a message to Princess Elizabeth, which her mother smilingly promised to deliver. At Hobart a suite of doll's furniture in native blackwood had been given by the children of



## *King George the Sixth*

Tasmania for the Princess's doll's house, and at Port Adelaide two small girls offered two bright threepenny bits for her money-box. Indeed, as time passed, an embarrassingly large number of gifts for their baby daughter accumulated in the care of the Duke and Duchess. These gifts included parrots and canaries ; but not, unfortunately, a koala bear, as those charming little fellows cannot thrive without their wonted diet of fresh eucalyptus buds.

The Premier, Mr Butler, about this time, which was near the end of the tour, issued a farewell message in which he said that the " radiant personalities of the Duke and Duchess, their deep and sincere interest in everything concerning the welfare of Australia, and their many gracious acts " would leave a lasting impression.

The climax of this arduous, though doubtless interesting, pilgrimage was reached on May 9, when the Duke opened the Parliament House at Canberra.

" To-day," he said, standing on the threshold, " marks the end of one epoch and the beginning of another, and one's thoughts turn instinctively to what the future may have in store. One's own life would hardly be worth living without its dreams of better things, and the life of a nation without such dreams of a larger and better future would be poor indeed."

After unlocking the door of the Parliament House with a golden key, and unveiling a statue of the King, his father, the Duke read the Speech from the Throne, which concluded with these simple but earnest words :

May this day's ceremony mark the rededication of this Commonwealth to those great ideals of liberty, fair dealing, justice, and devotion to the cause of Peace for which this Empire and all its members



ON AN IMPERIAL MISSION  
AT GOVETT'S LEAP, NEW SOUTH WALES, IN 1927



(Fox Photo)

CARE OF THE YOUNG, AND THE COUNTRY WILL TAKE CARE OF ITSELF

## Imperial Missions

stand. We turn to-day a new page of history. May it be a page glorious for Australia, and for the whole Empire.

Scenes of intense enthusiasm marked the end of the visit. On the return journey from Canberra to Melbourne the country people came from miles round to see the train pass, and at Seymour, Victoria, it was said that they threatened to jam the signals if the train did not stop. It did stop, however, at the Duke's express wish, as it had already stopped at Benalla, where he and the Duchess stood in the observation-car, surrounded by over four thousand cheering men and women, and shaking as many of the outstretched hands as was humanly possible. People held up their children with an almost medieval faith in the charm of a Royal touch.

On May 12, the *Renown* left Melbourne for Fremantle, Western Australia, where the last eleven days on Australian soil were spent. On the 23rd the battleship sailed for home, and the hospitable Australians, looking back on the preceding weeks, began to wonder how their guests "had been able to survive such long motor and railway journeys and such multitudinous ceremonies."

Fortunately they *did* survive. Mauritius, Malta, and Gibraltar were visited during the homeward voyage, and in intervals of depositing wreaths on war memorials, laying foundation-stones, and inspecting guards of honour, the Duke was lucky enough to get a little polo.

In London the envoy of Empire and his Duchess were greeted by cheering crowds, who, in spite of the characteristic English summer day, grey and rainy, massed themselves outside Buckingham Palace and

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cheered louder than ever when the Duchess stepped on to the balcony with her baby in her arms, while Queen Mary held an umbrella over them both.

Eloquent and cordial tributes were paid, in Parliament and elsewhere, to the good service done by the Duke and Duchess to the State, but "the whole conclusion of the matter" had been well expressed by the Maori spokesman at Rotorua, when he said: "Thus is fulfilled the word we spoke to your Elder Brother, that those who govern this far-flung Empire should walk and talk with peoples in all its severed parts, and understand and be understood of them."



"SEEING THINGS FOR THEMSELVES"

Fot



## CHAPTER VIII

### *Industrial Interests*

I HAVE been able," remarked the Duke of York in 1926, "to see nearly every industry in the country." It was no more than the truth. Already, eleven years ago, his work in connexion with the Industrial Welfare Society had taken him to most of the great manufacturing towns of the United Kingdom, including Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Liverpool, Sheffield, Cardiff, Nottingham, Northampton, York, Sunderland, and Stoke-on-Trent. He had seen, heard, and sometimes smelt, the processes by which are made such varying commodities as wall-paper, margarine, cocoa, soap, pottery, boots, linoleum, floor-polish, meat-extract, biscuits, bacon, carpets, cigarettes, and aluminium ware. Most of these processes are more or less noisy, and many of them are accompanied by far from agreeable smells, but the Prince-President of the Industrial Welfare Society had familiarized himself with them all at every stage of their manufacture. No doubt it adds considerably to the interest of everyday life to know more than the average person knows about everyday things ; but to acquire such extensive knowledge needs years of patient concentration, and these years the Duke was able and willing to give.

In addition to the industries mentioned above, and numerous others, there were the heavy industries, ship-building, coal-mining, steel-forging, stone-blasting, and



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so forth, and these, too, were investigated. For example, in May, 1933, the Duke spent three hours exploring the twenty-five miles area of the Stanton Ironworks, near Ilkeston, and watched iron pipes being made, first by the old method of casting, and secondly by the modern method of 'spinning.' Then, at the Imperial Chemical Industries quarry at Buxton he pressed a button, and thereby released a charge which blew up 32,000 tons of solid limestone cliff. At Chesterfield he spent two hours at a mill where wood-pulp is made into cellulose wadding and gaily coloured wrappings for chocolates, biscuits, soap, and many other things. He also visited a clothing-factory, and was shown the latest designs in bathing-suits for men, women, and babies, as well as brightly-hued examples of actual 'sportswear.' And all these impressions, experiences, and activities were crowded into a two days' visit to the counties of Derby and Nottingham !

On more than one occasion the Duchess of York accompanied her husband on these tours. Wearing overalls and scarves, and carrying safety-lamps, they both descended a mine at Kibblesworth, near Jarrow, and tried their hands at the automatic coal-cutter being used by two miners in the pit. Another time, when the Duke visited Tyneside he entered the pithead baths just as the miners who had come off a 'shift' were bathing. They paused in order to give the intruder three friendly cheers. At all these Collieries and Works there were Industrial Welfare Centres to inspect, and model dwellings, where the tenants would not infrequently request the Royal visitor to nurse their youngest-born baby 'for luck.' Such a request may have been mildly disconcerting when the Duke was a shy bachelor, not well versed in the ways of small

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infants, but after he was married, and had coped with two babies of his own, his technique improved, and his hesitation vanished.

Shipbuilding was particularly interesting to the former naval officer, who, when attending the launch of a ship or visiting a shipyard, always seemed to take a peculiar pleasure in reminding his hearers that he spoke "as a sailor"; and the man who had delighted in driving electric and steam locomotives in New Zealand missed no opportunity of renewing the thrill. At Glasgow the Duke drove a Corporation tram, and at Ashford he drove the Southern Railway engine *Lord Nelson* from the locomotive works to the station.

Inspecting factories, acquiring technical knowledge, and talking to employers and workpeople did not, however, represent the sum-total of the Prince-President's labours on behalf of the Industrial Welfare Society. He was a resourceful and persistent propagandist on its behalf. It was noticed that whenever he had a speech to deliver, whatever the occasion might be, the subject of Industrial Welfare, in one form or another, was bound to crop up. Even when attending a luncheon at Stationers' Hall in celebration of the centenary of poster-advertising he had something to say about the "tremendous influence" of the "Poor Man's Picture Gallery, open day and night, all the year round, with no charge for admission," upon public taste, and thence it was only one step to the importance of "boldness, vision, determination, and enthusiasm" in the world of commerce, especially on the human side.

"It is," said the Duke, on another occasion, "the personal touch which counts," and he certainly proved it. There is a vast difference between princely patronage, however genuine, if exercised from afar, through

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secretaries and deputies, and that 'personal touch' which cannot be brought to bear without personal effort, and, very often, personal sacrifice.

"It is not to be expected," remarked the Duke, some years ago, "that happiness, understanding, and confidence between man and man can be attained by the mere production of any scheme," and this is profoundly true. It is far easier to make a plan than to execute it, especially if its execution involves the collaboration of a mixed company of people, some interested, some indifferent, and some almost hostile. But he was also speaking truly when he went on to say :

We have urged the great moral principles underlying the relations between master and man, and step by step, shop by shop, yard by yard, and mine by mine, we have implanted the seed which gradually but surely is ripening.

At many of the Welfare Centres visited by the Duke he met boys who had been at his holiday camps, and it was noticed that at the very first camp ever held there were boys from factories which he had inspected early in his presidential career. It was when paying his initial visit to McVitie & Price's biscuit factory at Harlesden that, as the Rev. R. H. Hyde tells us, the Prince was first "impressed with the importance of the task he had undertaken," as he discussed it in all its bearings with Sir Alexander Grant. "Those of us who were present on that occasion," writes Mr Hyde, "can never forget that conversation, which served, as it were, as an initiation to one who was to be called in a very few years, and not without cause, the Industrial Prince." It was shortly after this visit that, at the suggestion of Queen Mary, the activities of the Society

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were extended "so as to cover all persons engaged in industry."

"In early days," the Duke confessed, "people were a little uncertain about our aims, and I must confess we were a little uncertain about it ourselves." There is no such uncertainty to-day. Those aims are recognized, grasped, and approved not only by the persons most concerned—the employers, the workpeople, and the Welfare workers, but also by the nation as a whole.

"We are living," said the Duke, on the tenth anniversary of his appointment as President, "in days of change and development, which bring with them new and unusual problems, but it was never the custom of this country to leave a challenge unanswered, and as the natural genius of our nation urges us to rise above the deepest of our troubles the future is fraught with hope." And surely it is fraught with hope in this year of grace, the coronation year of a King whom the Archbishop of Canterbury called the Ambassador of Good Will.

To his extensive and varied knowledge of home industries, and of industrial conditions in East Africa and Australasia, the Duke added a great amount of information concerning other parts of the Empire and the Dominions Overseas when, during his elder brother's absence, he took over the Presidency of the British Empire Exhibition in 1925.

What earnest thought the Prince-President devoted to the question of Industrial Welfare may be gathered from many of his own utterances ; as, for example, when he said :

We have not thought of our work in general or remote terms. The factory itself is always the beginning and end . . . one vital thing in the establishment

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of the team-spirit in a factory is that the working force shall not be subject to great or frequent changes, and the endeavour of the good employer is to keep this 'labour turnover,' as it is called, as low as possible. I know of cases where this is as high as 30 per cent. to 40 per cent. per annum of the working force, and of others where, because an enlightened policy prevails, it is negligible. I have seen what Welfare work can do to reduce these appalling figures.

The humorous side of the picture was never long unperceived by H.R.H., and most of his discourses were relieved by welcome little touches of lighter colour. Speaking at an Industrial Welfare conference in 1932, he related the following anecdote, to the great amusement of his listeners :

Even music has a part to play in breaking down the barriers. In one of the provincial towns a number of choral societies belonged to a league, the president of which was the local brewer. It so happened that the finalists were a brewery team and one from a cocoa works. The audience was wondering how the President would deal with this somewhat unusual situation. He began his speech by saying—"Ladies and Gentlemen, isn't it wonderful how this Welfare work brings us all together?"

And again, speaking a few months later of his tours in connexion with the Society, the Duke said :

I do take a very keen interest in this work, and I am always grateful to those employers who allow me to see their people at their jobs ; but these visits, while they add to my knowledge, sometimes add no less to my amusement. Although I never wish a firm to make any preparations for my visits, I know that the occasion is sometimes used for a little spring-cleaning. Once I noticed that the manager showing me round was not

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bursting with enthusiasm, but I understood his feelings quite well when I learned afterwards that his department had been debited with the cost of its repainting.

Other amusing incidents were noticed and recorded by newspaper men, as when the Duke, shortly after his engagement to the Lady Elizabeth had been announced, visited the Leyton works of the London Electric Wire Co., and was mobbed by a crowd of some five hundred workgirls, who surged round his car, and might seriously have delayed his homeward progress had not one of their number appealed to the rest to let him go, because he "wanted to get back to his sweetheart."

The other side of the picture, the tragic side, has been all too often visible, however, especially in the grim days of dearth and difficulty through which the nation passed between 1921 and 1931. In the autumn of 1922 the Duke cancelled an engagement to attend the Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield on the ground that it would not be right for him to be present at such a ceremony "while so many workless people are compelled to go hungry"; and he showed himself in many ways sensitively conscious of the hardships suffered by the unemployed. Some sympathy is apt to be merely passive and sentimental; but his has been both active and practical. Things are undoubtedly better now for many people, though they are not yet as good as they might be for many others, notably in the 'distressed areas.' Much remains to be done. It is surely not fatuous to hope—or foolish to believe—that much *will* be done in the time before us.

It is not yet seven years since the Duke of York said, "If we are to uphold our traditions we must seek salvation not in measures but in man. There is no hope of industrial advancement unless it is founded

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upon a true estimation of human values," and it is to the wide acceptance of such an estimation that we may look for the solution of not a few of our more harassing problems.

How closely the Duke had studied industrial questions in their historical setting was shown in some remarks made by him a little over a year ago :

I feel, he then said, that there is a change of spirit abroad, recalling many of the best features of working life in the Middle Ages, a spirit which to a large extent was lost in the development of the factory system. We must prove that throughout history there has always been an impulse to make a society in which men are able to work together in harmony.

In days gone by the master craftsman lodged his apprentices : to-day the employer often has to provide houses for his workpeople. The master was responsible for feeding his men. To-day he installs a canteen. The master watched over the health of his workpeople : to-day the employer develops medical services and sickness funds. In those far-off days the master was responsible for the discipline of his young people during their leisure. To-day that responsibility exists no longer, but the wise employer provides, where there is need, facilities for recreation. I may even suggest that the modern works council is in direct following of the close domestic tie which existed between the master and apprentice, which, if the story books are to be believed, often led to a happy marriage with the employer's daughter.

Much that was best in the relations that existed in the age of the craft and the guild is being re-established to-day. One hundred years ago employers thought of progress in terms of their individual profit and of the workers as mere instruments of production. To-day, however, many leading men in industry regard progress as the gradual escape of men's minds from the relation of use to the relation of fellowship.

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The time will surely come, to which the Duke once declared that he looked forward, "when a welfare scheme will be an integral part of the managerial policy of every firm in this country"; and when it does come, to no man more than to the first President of the Industrial Welfare Society will honour and credit be justly due. The work of the Society cannot be measured in statistics, although it is a pleasant fact that something like a thousand firms, many of them controlling numerous factories, are already definitely associated with this great organization.

Significant and hopeful, too, is the rapid growth throughout industry of employees' pension schemes, the development of medical services, the building up of co-operation through works councils, the extension of paid holidays, and the organized encouragement of thrift. At the annual meetings of the directors and shareholders of large industrial concerns it is becoming the rule rather than the exception for the Chairman to give an account of welfare developments during the past year. Everywhere there is an increasing recognition of the vital importance of the factor of human relationships.

Only three months before a sudden, dramatic turn of Fortune's wheel brought him to the throne, the Duke of York wrote in a message to the Industrial Welfare Society, of which he was then the President and is now the Patron :

To some people it may seem superfluous to do more than comply with the statutory regulations, but we must strive to overcome such false reasoning, and to impress upon employers not yet associated with us the value of voluntary provision in conserving health and promoting happiness.



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The talisman to ultimate success lies in the word 'voluntary.' Coercion, dictation, and restraint are all equally foreign to the British character, but there are few things beyond attainment by British determination when it is focused upon a freely chosen aim, and when that determination is directed by the mind of the right leader.

What qualities such a leader ought to possess the Duke of York outlined, in a speech made at Croydon in 1928 :

To my mind he must possess three great qualities : personality, sympathy, and, above all, idealism. The man who wins the trust and confidence of his fellow-men, so that they will follow him anywhere, is the man that can combine in himself these three virtues.

It has always been the happy fortune of 'this blessed plot' of England to bring forth the men she needed, at the hour when her need of them was most grave. Surely we may hope that hers will be this happy fortune again, during the era that begins in this present year of grace.

## CHAPTER IX

### *The King and the Coming Generation*

**I**N bygone days princes and politicians, and quite a number of other people, were frequently known to assume benevolent interests which they did not really feel. We all remember how, in the *Pickwick Papers*, the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, when standing as a Parliamentary candidate, first patted a group of babies on the head and then, making a supreme effort, kissed them one by one. "Be particular about the children, my dear sir," Mr Slumkey's election agent had said, "it always has a great effect, that sort of thing." It had such a powerful effect on that particular occasion that cheers rent the air, and the candidate was duly returned to Westminster.

But there was no movietone camera at Eatanswill, there were no press-photographers, and if, for a moment, Mr Slumkey looked reluctant, or indifferent, or annoyed, there was no permanent record of his feelings. Also, when once the desired impression had been created, gentlemen of that kind were seldom known to pay any further attention to the children of the poor, or to take even the mildest interest in their lot.

Things are different to-day. Princes and politicians, and quite a number of other people, live and move and have their being under a steady blaze of publicity, to the rhythm of clicking cameras and revolving news-reels. It is practically impossible now

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for any public character continually to play a part and yet to get away with it. On the other hand, sincerity makes itself more decisively felt than ever in the past. It is reflected, recorded, perpetuated, in a dozen different ways. It is heard in the tones of a voice on the wireless : it is seen in the expression of the face in a ' movie.' And—to reach the point to which we have been leading up—by these and similar means there is none of us who has not been assured that the interest felt by King George VI in industrial welfare and in the coming generation is genuine, active, and profound.

This twofold interest has pervaded the King's life for eighteen years. We have glanced at one or two aspects of its industrial side. Now let us go back to 1921, to a certain summer day when four hundred boys, two hundred from public schools and two hundred from factories and workshops, were lunching in the Riding School at Buckingham Palace before departing for a camp at New Romney. To them Wing-Commander Louis Greig made a short speech, in the course of which he revealed that this idea of a joint holiday camp was entirely the Duke of York's own. He concluded by reading this message from the Duke :

Tell them to enjoy themselves and have a jolly good time. Say that I am going down to see them on Thursday next, and spend a couple of days with them, and if they are not having a good time I shall jolly well want to know the reason why.

Thus was launched a great social experiment which time and experience have abundantly justified. Thirteen years later the Pilgrim Trust and King George's Jubilee Trust recognized the value of these camps by setting aside some of their funds for the extension of the idea, which had been admired and imitated both at home and

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overseas. Yet at the beginning many people had grave misgivings. It seemed a Utopian scheme, original to the point of oddity. How would it work? How would the boys, drawn from such dissimilar surroundings, speaking such dissimilar English, shaped by such dissimilar influences, find a common ground upon which they could meet and mix without awkwardness on either side?

Thanks to admirable foresight, tact, and skill on the part of the camp Chief and his staff of helpers, and thanks, too, to the goodwill and adaptability of their young guests, any stiffness ever visible had been dispelled in less than a week.

The average age of the boys was seventeen. They were divided into sections of twenty, ten public school boys and ten from industrial life in each. Games were so arranged that the boys trained from childhood to play cricket and football in the orthodox fashion should not enjoy any advantage over the boys who had had no such training. The camp evolved a game of its own, unique in the annals of sport, and known as 'hand-and-foot netball.' "This," remarked an observer, "includes all the more dangerous movements of Rugger and Soccer, together with the more risky phases of all-in wrestling." Bathing, swimming, community singing, obstacle races, and other informal contests led to a complete breaking-down of the barriers which some people had feared might prove insurmountable. Only one rule was made—*Play the Game*—and it proved sufficient for all practical purposes.

In 1922 the Duke of York paid the first of his numerous annual visits to what came to be known as 'his' camp. On that occasion he spent the night in a cottage on the camping-ground. During subsequent

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visits he usually occupied one of the staff huts, and his arrival and departure were often made an excuse for a hilarious and irresponsible 'rag.' In 1923 the Duchess came with him, and they were received with uproarious demonstrations of pleasure. They watched a strenuous game of hand-and-foot netball, in which teams of twenty a side tried, with no regard for such trammels as touchlines, to get a football into their opponents' net *either from the front or the rear*. Another exciting spectacle was the 'landship' race, between two 'crews,' each astride a twenty-foot pole, racing backward along a course which included two complete turns. Throwing whitewashed tennis-balls at a black target was yet another test of skill, and to 'score' is far more difficult than it sounds.

As typical of the composition of one of the sections we may take 'D' section of 1923, which included boys from the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, St Paul's, Whitgift's, Westminster, Liverpool College, Nottingham High School, the Glasgow Corporation Works, Ashington Colliery, Villiers's Tinplate Works, and McDougall's Flour Mills.

Apparently the Duke of York had given his elder brother a lively and alluring description of the camp, for in 1924 he was accompanied by the Prince of Wales, who challenged him to a race. This was run in shirt-sleeves. Each Prince had to collect six tennis-balls spread out at regular intervals, dump them into a fire-bucket at the end of the course, and carry them back to the starting-point. Amid scenes of extreme excitement the Duke caught up his senior, who at one time looked like an almost certain winner, and got home first by a short head.

A month earlier the interest felt by both the Duke

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and the Duchess in the children of the poor was evinced by a delightfully informal visit to a Fresh-Air Fund excursion in Epping Forest. Attended only by the keepers in their picturesque velvet jackets, the visitors strolled about in the forest glades, mingled with the small boys and girls, and tried their luck at the coconut-shy. They inspected the donkeys, but resisted the temptation to have a ride, even urged to do so with friendly eagerness by the surging mob of children. Finally, they listened to a concert of national airs played by an orchestra consisting entirely of violinists between the ages of twelve and fourteen. One can well believe that, as a newspaper correspondent remarked at the time, the effect was "both pleasing and out of the ordinary."

The Fresh-Air Fund and the National Playing-Fields Association appealed strongly to the Duke and the Duchess, and in a speech made in 1925 his Royal Highness said: "In the course of my public duties I have had ample opportunity of remarking upon the shortage of playing-fields throughout the country. To those who, like myself, take a great interest in the youth of the nation, there is something literally tragic in the lack of facilities for organized games provided for our boys and girls, many of whom have no other playground than the slums and streets of our great cities." Three years later, during a Conference at Croydon, he made this revelation, which showed incidentally that he was already recognized in rather unexpected quarters as the friend and champion of would-be sportsmen of tender years:

Only this summer I received a letter from two little boys who wanted me to help them with their cricket-club. They had tried to get one up in one of the London

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parks, but had been turned off by the park-keeper. I am glad to say it was possible to find them a place to play in, and also to help them with some equipment.

Now, they came to me largely because they had no one else to go to, and I cannot help feeling that there may be many in a like position who just need a helping hand. Will you see what you can do?

In addition to this practical interest in the National Playing-Fields Association, the Duke of York showed, by frequent visits to such institutions as the Gordon Boys' Home, his sympathy with every undertaking aiming at the physical and mental betterment of young people whose home or family life forms a bar to their progress. It is not only orphans who start handicapped. The children of cruel or criminal parents sometimes have a harder lot than those with no parents at all. Of such children the Duke and Duchess showed their mindfulness by giving their warm support to the Waifs' and Strays' Society, Dr Barnardo's Homes, and other organizations of the same kind, nor were small boys and girls in hospitals, or in cripples' homes, forgotten.

In 1933 the Duke was present at the International Pædiatric Congress, the first to be held in Great Britain. 'Pædiatric' is rather a jaw-cracking word, but it means simply that branch of medical science dealing with the diseases peculiar to children.

In body and mind, said the Duke, the child is different from the adult, and therefore both in health and disease childhood has its own special features. The scientific study of children's health is of recent growth. While there are people still living who can remember the foundation of the first hospital for children in this country, these international congresses prove how rapid and widespread is the appreciation of the importance of this subject.



I LOOK FORWARD TO THAT DAY  
AT HIS BOYS' CAMP, SUTHWOLD, 1930





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H.R.H. added that if he might "speak as a father," he would voice "the gratitude of parents far and wide who would benefit by the work of the Congress."

The duties of the Heir-Apparent's brother did not become less numerous or less varied, as the years passed. These included acting as King George V's High Commissioner in Scotland; going to Belgrade to stand sponsor to the baby Prince Peter who now, through his father's tragic and untimely death, is King of Yugo-Slavia; representing King George at the wedding of the Prince of Piedmont, and at the funeral of the much-loved Queen Astrid of the Belgians; and serving as a Counsellor of State during the serious illness of his Royal father in 1928-29. One feels that the Duke of York was speaking from his heart when, alluding to his annual visit to his boys' camp, he said, "I look forward to that day from one year's end to another."

Each visit certainly seemed more hilarious than the one before, and increasingly the doubters who had looked distrustfully at the scheme showed that they were becoming converted to its real value. It was past the experimental stage within two years of its inception.

By 1927 the camp had developed into an institution, an annual event to which promoters, organizers, and campers all looked forward with undisguised pleasure. Eighty 'old campers' were now available as section leaders, deputies, and assistants, and their familiarity with the routine and the spirit of the camp was of great assistance to novices and newcomers.

In anticipation of the Duke's visit on August 2, one of the dressing-huts had had painted on its door the awe-inspiring words, GREAT CHIEF, and into this hut, very shortly after his arrival, the visitor

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disappeared, emerging clad in a light brown pull-over, fawn-coloured shorts, and white socks turned down over white shoes. A visit of inspection to the concert marquee, where the 'Little Willie Jazz Band' was rehearsing for the evening's performance, made a gay beginning to a day which was full both of gaiety and of strenuous exercise. Next came mid-day dinner, on tables cheerfully decorated with bunches of flowers in pickle-jars, and a move was then made to the seashore, where pillow-fights, mop-fights, and umbrella-races were held. During the contest of the mops the Great Chief had returned to his hut, and changed into a bathing-suit, and, says an onlooker, "for ten minutes he swam and splashed among a crowd which surged around a polo-ball." These water revels were followed by a lively game of push-ball. In this also the Duke took part, and with such vigour that he slightly injured one elbow, and, like several others, had to receive first-aid on the field, though he was *not*, as one of the campers was, borne away forcibly on a stretcher to undergo the 'amputation' of a leg, and then made the centre of a mock funeral procession, to the strains of "John Brown's Body."

Part of that evening's 'Sing-song' was broadcast by the B.B.C., and no one who listened to it can have had any doubt as to the high spirits and the unself-conscious good fellowship prevailing.

Speaking on the wireless to former members of the camp, the Duke said :

Wherever they be, and in <sup>\*</sup>whatever task they are engaged, I wish them God-speed. I hope that my camp will always be to them a very pleasant memory. . . . All is well down here, as you will have guessed from the sounds of merriment which preceded my

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remarks. I have spent a very happy day among the boys, and in a few minutes, when I leave New Romney for my return journey to town, I shall do so without any doubt in my mind that I have shared a day with five hundred good fellows, excellent sportsmen, and most welcome guests.

A 'rag' had by this time become inevitable when the Duke visited his young friends. In 1928 the camp was transformed into a Wild West village, complete with sheriff's hut, outside which some ribs of beef hung blanching in the breeze as a warning to evil-doers. Escorting a venerable 'growler' disguised as a coach, and mounted on beach-donkeys and farm-horses, the boys staged a very exciting impromptu act by way of welcome to their guest.

Two years later the site of the camp was transferred to Southwold, on the Suffolk coast. Instead of changing in the 'Great Chief's' quarters the Duke now usually arrived already wearing the regulation camp kit and driving his own car. However chill the breezes blew, he seldom omitted to bathe and swim with the campers, and would sit with them on the beach after the dip, munching ginger snaps and joining in community singing.

The gentlemen of the Press were now keenly conscious of the 'news value' of all these proceedings, and news-reel cameras appeared from nowhere, as if by magic, when the fun began. "You are always photographing *me*," said the Duke to the camera-men one day, as he commandeered one of their machines, "Now I will photograph *you*." And, to their no small amusement, he added the press-photographer's inevitable formula, "I will take just one more—in case——"

In 1934 H.R.H. was prevented by a poisoned hand

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from fulfilling some of his official engagements. Addressing the boys assembled at Buckingham Palace before starting for Southwold, he wished them "a very good week," and added, "At the moment I do not feel that *I* should enjoy a bathe in the North Sea or a game of foot-and-netball—I do not know whether any of you have played that before, *but you will see!*"

In 1936, a fateful year, the Duke of York paid his last visit to the camp as Heir-Presumptive. Although the weather was chilly, he rose as usual at seven o'clock every morning, and had a swim in the grey waves. Later, as a memento, he planted a Cornish elm. Nobody who saw the news-reel photographs taken on this occasion could doubt that he spoke truly when he said that he looked forward to such days as these "from one year's end to the other." In the singing of action-songs like "The Spreading Chestnut Tree" he showed great energy, but the high light was touched at the end of the visit.

A large photographic group was to be taken, and things were so arranged that the Duke's car should appear to be in the way of the camera. In response to cries of "Move that car!" the owner jumped in, and started up the engine. Immediately a loud explosion was heard, and columns of sparks and smoke poured forth. Small rockets secretly fastened to the sparking plug had produced this startling result, which was received with unrestrained laughter, both by the jokers and their prey. So ended a visit which was destined to be the last of its kind. The camp will go on—but it will regard its founder a little differently now, perhaps with a touch of pride, more probably with a touch of regret, for things can never be quite the same again as they were in the years that went before.

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It was in Wellington, New Zealand, that the Duke of York first spoke the words which he afterwards repeated at Croydon in 1928—words which may well be repeated to-day : “ Take care,” he said, “ of the young, and the country will take care of itself.” This injunction may rank some day with King George V’s famous “ Wake up, England ! ” uttered on his Majesty’s return from a visit—as Prince of Wales—to the British Dominions beyond the seas.

## CHAPTER X

### *The King and His Children*

ON April 21, 1926, the first child of the Duke and Duchess of York, and first granddaughter of King George and Queen Mary, was born at 17 Bruton Street, the London house of Lord Strathmore. The arrival of this baby was recognized as an important event in the history of the Royal dynasty, but, like many other events in history, its importance became more evident some years after it had happened.

Sympathetic crowds cheered and flapped handkerchiefs when Queen Mary descended from her car on her first visit to the small Princess of York, and it was not long before photographs appeared in the papers showing a chubby, alert-looking infant with a little curling tuft of fair hair on her forehead.

In the private chapel of Buckingham Palace she was christened Elizabeth Alexandra Mary. The golden font, eighteen inches high and adorned with clustering cherubs, was brought from Windsor for the occasion, and filled with water from the River Jordan, and the newest member of the Church of England was dressed in the rich lace robe which had been worn by all the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria. On the top of her christening cake was a shell-shaped silver cradle with a baby doll inside.



*Central Pre*

"YONDER HAUNTED TOWERS"

THE QUEEN AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS AT GLAMIS





AT ROYAL LODGE, WINDSOR

## *The King and His Children*

During the absence of her father and mother on their Australasian journey, Princess Elizabeth spent most of her time in the care of Queen Mary. As playmates she often had her two small cousins, the sons of Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles—now the Princess Royal, Countess of Harewood. At Windsor Castle she loved the gay colours and the stirring music of the changing of the guard ; by the time she was three years old she had learned to return with perfect grace and composure the salutes made by the officers of the outgoing and incoming guard with their bright swords. At Balmoral she enjoyed the further excitement of listening to the bagpipes, and watching the kilted pipers swing up and down the terrace as they played.

Londoners were now becoming well acquainted with the little fair-haired figure often seen driving out from 145 Piccadilly on the knee of the faithful Nannie who had had charge of the Duchess of York when she herself was a child. Sitting very upright, and looking about her with keen interest, Princess Elizabeth would acknowledge the greetings of the passers-by sometimes by waving one of her hands, sometimes by waving both. Then passengers on the tops of buses going up and down Park Lane began to notice a group of small children playing hide-and-seek on the strip of turf and trees immediately behind the first block of houses at the north-western end of Piccadilly, and to point out to each other the lively and hatless little girl who was the youngest but not the least active of the company. "That," they would say, "is Princess Elizabeth"—and there would be a general turning of heads and craning of necks towards the Park. This was after the return of the Duke and Duchess from their Empire

## *King George the Sixth*

tour, when they were settled in the house which was to be their London home until February, 1937, when a sudden twist of destiny changed the background from Piccadilly to Buckingham Palace. Their first home after their marriage had been White Lodge, Richmond Park, a charming Georgian house full of historical associations but, as was very soon discovered, rather too out-of-the-way for a young couple whose presence was in constant demand in London and elsewhere.

Most young fathers feel a sort of shy pride in their first-born babies, and it soon became obvious that the Duke of York did not differ from the majority. He seemed to enjoy saying "my little daughter," and to find a peculiar pleasure in speaking "as a father." King George, too, was immensely interested in the Princess, and greatly amused by her decided and definite personality even in her earliest years. During his long and grave illness in the winter of 1928-29 the doctors found that few things cheered the invalid more than a brief glimpse of his youngest grandchild. When his Majesty went to Craigweil House, Bognor, to convalesce, she was taken to visit him there, and the stately sandcastle which she erected under his supervision was afterwards railed off so that it should last longer than such castles are wont to do.

Herself a friendly child, Princess Elizabeth was always interested in other children, and small Londoners responded to her feelings in such large and excited numbers that her perambulator airings in Hyde Park had to be discontinued, as it became difficult for her nurse to make any headway against the surrounding throngs. At the Royal Tournament

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at Olympia she was a spectator when she was only three years old, perched on her mother's knee, and watching intently all the brilliant pageantry of sailors and soldiers, men, horses, and guns. This visit to the Tournament became a regular annual event, and after a few years two Princesses instead of one were seen bobbing their golden heads out of the Royal box.

The second Princess was born at Glamis Castle on August 21, 1930, to the great delight of her mother's Scottish people, whose pleasure was made greater by the choice of the name 'Margaret' for the latest descendant of their own ancient Royal house. Since the days when the sainted Anglo-Saxon Queen Margaret had converted her husband, Malcolm Canmore, to the Christian faith, many daughters of Scotland had borne her name—so many, indeed, that its Greek origin and its Anglo-Saxon associations had been almost forgotten. The little Princess's second name—'Rose'—was a compliment to her aunt, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, but it was also appropriate to a child of the duchy of York, and for the first years of her life she was known as Princess Margaret Rose of York—a singularly pretty and picturesque name.

When the little Princess was a year old her grandfather gave to the Duke and Duchess of York, as a country home, the house in Windsor Great Park known as Royal Lodge, about half a mile to the south-east of the statue of George III, at the end of the Long Walk—the statue usually known as the 'Copper Horse.' The original house had been built by Nash, the famous architect, for the Prince Regent, in the year before Waterloo. It had a thatched roof, and a so-called 'Gothic' conservatory, with pointed and traceried

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windows of the style then much in vogue. There, both as Regent and as King, George IV spent a great deal of his time, especially after he became self-conscious about his increasing stoutness, and it was there that, as a little girl, his niece, the future Queen Victoria, was taken to see him. A band was performing in the Gothic conservatory, and, being asked what tune she would like it to play, the tactful child chose "God save the King."

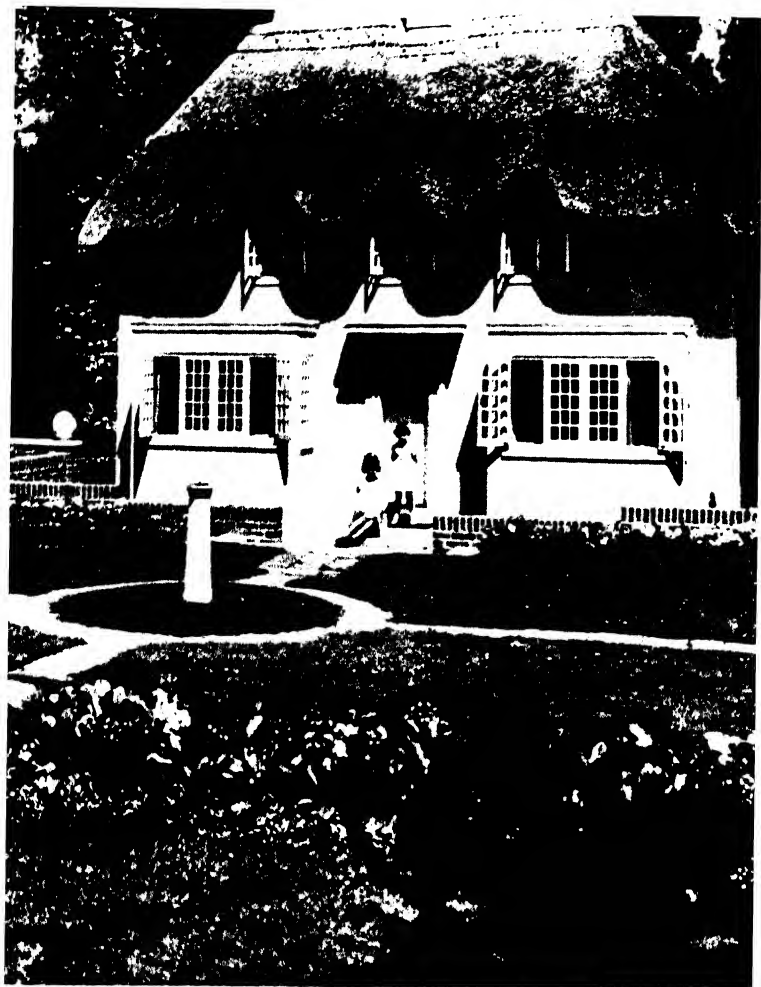
Of that early nineteenth-century building little now remains except a large room, facing south, which was George IV's drawing-room. Royal Lodge has been turned by degrees into a modern—though not exaggeratedly modern—house, and its always lovely gardens have been made even lovelier by the intelligent and devoted care of two ardent garden-lovers—our present King and Queen. The tulips of Royal Lodge are quite famous for their beauty, and its rhododendrons, lupins, delphiniums, and roses are no less enchanting. The lawns and shrubberies make an excellent playground for the two Princesses, and for the dogs, of various breeds, who form part of the Royal household. Among these are two Welsh Corgies—Dookie and Jane—and a family of Golden Labradors called Mimsey, Stiffy, and Scrummy.

In Windsor Great Park, Princess Elizabeth began to take riding lessons from the Duke of York's groom when she was seven years old. Her first pony was a gift from King George and Queen Mary, on her sixth birthday, and a year later she was riding in real 'grown-up' fashion, wearing a beret, a pull-over, and riding-breeches. Sometimes one or other of her two younger uncles, the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent, would ride with her, and her father as



[Photo: Ma

THE KING'S TWO DAUGHTERS



"Y BWYTHYN BACH TO GWELT"

THE TWO PRINCESSES OUTSIDE " THE LITTLE COTTAGE WITH THE STRAW ROOF

## *The King and His Children*

often as he possibly could. Her keen interest in horses is always in evidence when she attends the Richmond Horse Show, where she sometimes presents the rosettes to the prize-winners in the Children's Class, and invariably insists on patting the victorious ponies.

In January, 1934, the Princess was taken to her first pantomime and, from a box to the right-hand side of the stage, she watched and listened with transparent delight. Her voice was distinctly heard, leading the other children in singing the chorus of the song, "We all went up the Mountain," and she was so much amused by the principal comedian that she leaned over, clapping vigorously, and shouting "Encore!" with the best.

That sixth birthday of hers, made memorable by the gift of a pony, and also by another gift of which she will appreciate the interest more when she is older—a copy of *Alice in Wonderland*, signed by the lady who was the original 'Alice'—that otherwise joyful birthday fell short in one way only. The miniature house which the loyal people of Wales had planned to give to the Prince of Wales's elder niece on that day had been so damaged by fire on its journey by motor-lorry from Cardiff that not until some time later could it be erected in the grounds of Royal Lodge.

*Y Bwthyn Bach to Gwelt*—the little cottage with the straw roof—is surely one of the most fascinating possessions that ever made two little girls happy; 'two,' because the elder shares this treasure—as she does all her treasures—with the younger, and they halve their housekeeping joys and tasks between them. The cottage and its contents are two-fifths of the full,



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grown-up scale of measurement, and they are planned to resemble, as closely as possible, a typical old Welsh dwelling. The thatched roof, the oak furniture, the canopied bed, and the low, frilled cradle, the grandfather-clock, and the court cupboard, are all definitely 'Cymric,' but I myself feel some doubt as to whether in a genuine 'old Welsh dwelling' you would have found a gas-cooker, a bath, and a refrigerator.

The house is 22 feet wide by 15 feet high, and measures 8 feet from front to back. The bath is 3 feet 4 inches in length, and the hand-basin, with hot and cold taps, is 22 inches across. The gas-cooker is 1 foot 8 inches high, by 1 foot 4 inches wide ; and the refrigerator is 3 feet 0½ inch in height. Downstairs are a living-room, with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth over the mantelpiece, and a complete set of tiny table-cutlery contributed by Queen Mary ; a hall, and a kitchen. Upstairs are the rubber-floored bathroom, and the cheerful little bedroom, with crisp chintz draperies of white and blue.

Queen Mary's affection for all sorts of miniatures and models is well known, and was recognized when "Queen Mary's Dolls' House" was planned and fashioned for her pleasure. One day her Majesty went to Beaconsfield to see a complete model village which a gentleman had built in his garden there—and she took a greatly interested granddaughter with her. This village, covering about a thousand square yards of space, had a railway station, an hotel, and a church with a real organ. Both the Queen and the Princess were able to inspect all these marvels with a knowledgeable and experienced eye.

The Duchess of York very wisely desired that her

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children should lead simple and untrammelled lives, and that publicity and formality should be warded off from them as long as might be. But it was not possible for the elder daughter of the Heir-Presumptive to be kept entirely aloof from the influences that tend to gather over the heads of Royal children, or entirely unconscious of the historic framework in which her small self had its especial niche. The question of her education was considered betimes, and with much seriousness. If she had been a boy, two obvious and excellent alternatives would have presented themselves—the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, or the Royal public school—Eton. It was decided that, as there was no girls' college or girls' school which would have been so manifestly appropriate, it would be better, from every point of view, that the two Princesses should be taught at home, under the care of their mother, as she herself had been, under the care of Lady Strathmore. Any danger of jealousy or resentment, and any suspicion of favouritism or prejudice, is thus avoided.

At the wedding of her uncle, the Duke of Kent, to Princess Marina of Greece, in 1934, Princess Elizabeth was one of the bridesmaids, and helped to carry the long, shimmering silver train of her new aunt. Princess Margaret Rose, considered too young still to share that responsible task, was present at the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, sitting next her mother and watching everything with intense interest. She contrived to secure a handful of the pink paper rose-petals and silver cardboard horseshoes which were flung afterwards, and these she kept to give to one or two highly favoured friends. A year later the handicap of excessive youthfulness was held to have been out-

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gown, and the younger as well as the elder Princess of York was among the bridal train of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, when he married their mother's compatriot and distant kinswoman, Lady Alice Scott.

In the meantime had been held the Empire-wide celebration of the Jubilee of King George V—an event still so fresh in every one's memory that the sound of the joyous bells and the loyal cheering seems hardly to have died away even now. Next to the carriage which bore the King and Queen Mary through the crowded, sunlit London streets, there was none in the whole brilliant procession which drew the eyes of the on-lookers with a more powerful magnetic 'pull' than that occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York and their two daughters. Dressed alike in rose-colour, with bonnets to match, the Princesses could not conceal their excitement, bobbing their heads from side to side, glancing up, down, forward, and back, and, when they were standing on the steps of St Paul's Cathedral waiting to begin their homeward drive, ducking down to get a better view of the gorgeous personages moving about below.

Eight months later they were snowballing each other in the grounds of Sandringham while those same loyal subjects who had been cheering their King in May were anxiously reading the bulletins which announced that he was once more very ill. The two Princesses were sent back to London, and thence to Windsor, grave-faced and subdued, before their grandfather's death. Only the elder of the two was present when he was laid to rest in St George's Chapel, Windsor, beneath the many-coloured banners and the gleam-

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ing crests and swords of the Knights of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

The Duke of York was now Heir-Presumptive to his still unmarried elder brother, King Edward VIII, and his daughters were next in the line of succession. Only the eldest son of a King is called the 'Heir-Apparent.' The next heir, if *not* his son, whether prince or princess, is the presumed heir, or 'Heir-Presumptive,' and that is what Princess Elizabeth has become by the accession of her father to the throne left vacant by the abdication of her uncle, now Duke of Windsor.

When, shortly after the Proclamation of King George VI, a Regency Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, Sir John Simon, the Home Secretary, made it clear that the new King's two daughters were not, as some people had thought they might be, joint heirs to the throne, and also that Princess Elizabeth is the sole heir. Next to her in the line of succession is Princess Margaret Rose, and so the line will stand, unless a son should be born to their parents hereafter.

Not since the early years of Queen Victoria's long reign, when the royal nurseries overflowed with golden-haired children, have we had a reigning sovereign whose family was still quite young. To have such a Royal family at the head of the nation is a very pleasant thing—pleasant to think about, as well as to see.

With traditional splendour, and with symbolic ceremonies going back to Biblical times, our King and Queen are crowned in the ancient Abbey of Westminster. When in the year 973 St Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, crowned King Edgar, he spoke the following words to the newly-anointed King—

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words which may well be echoed upon Coronation Day in the year 1937 by all the subjects of King George the Sixth :

*God crown you with a crown of glory and righteousness, that . . . having a right faith and manifold fruit of good works, you may obtain the crown of an everlasting kingdom by the gift of Him whose kingdom endureth for ever.*





